S.63.

सुलभ-साहित्य-माला Series—No. 3

॥ श्रीः ॥

KALIDASA'S

Abhijnana Sakuntalam

(अभिज्ञानशाकुन्तलम्)

ACNO02188.

S.63.

PART II

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Sold by Estd. 1918
M.G.S. & SONS
Vinoda Sharada B... Depot
Jagannmohan Pal... Sq,
MYSORE

PUBLISHED BY

MR. S. N. SIMHA, M. A.,

FOR THE

Sanskrit Literature Society

BANGALORE CITY

EDITORIAL BOARD

Mr. S. N. Simha, M. A.
Mr. H. K. A. Narayana Rao, B. A.
Pandit Srinivasa Rangacharya.

All Rights Reserved.

FIRST EDITION : 1940

S.63.

PREFACE

This translation of Kalidasa's Abhijnana Sakunalam is issued as a companion volume of the original Sanskrit text published by us with an introduction, as the second number in this series. In preparing this volume we have freely consulted and used many of the translations already published, and we hereby acknowledge our indebtedness to them. We also thank here, Mr. K. Narayanaswamy Iyengar for the help he has rendered us in various ways.

S. N. Simha,
For Editors.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MALE—

Dushyanta—King of Hastinapura. (Hero of the play.)
Vidushaka—The king's companion by name Madhavya.
Bhadrasena—The general of the army of the king.
Bharata (Sarvadamana)—The King's son.
Somarata—The King's preceptor.
Kanva (Kashyapa)—Sakuntala's foster-father.
Vaikhanasa, Sarngarava, Saradvata, Harita, Gautama } Pupils of Kanva.
Parvatayana—The King's Chamberlain.
Raivataka, Karabhaka—The King's servants.
Suchaka, Januka—Two guards.
Matali—Indra's Charioteer.
Maricha—A sage.
The King's Charioteer.
(Shyala)—The King's brother-in-law.
Durvasas—The angry sage.
A fisherman, Two bards, Stage Manager, etc.

FEMALE—

Sakuntala—Dushyanta's wife & Kanvas's adopted daughter.
Anasuya, Priyamvada—Sakuntala's friends.
Gautami—A female ascetic.
Chaturika, Parabhritika, Madhukarika } Maid servants of the king.
Sanumati—A nymph.
Aditi—Wife of Kashyapa (Maricha).
Portress, Actress, Hermit Woman, Yavani, etc.

S.63 1920

SRI

Abhijnāna Śākuntalam

May God protect you, (he) being manifest in his eight perceptible forms, namely (1) the first creation of the Creator (i.e. *Water*), (2) the carrier of the offerings offered properly (i.e. *Fire*), (3) the Sacrificer, (4-5) the two that mark the time (i.e. *Sun & Moon*), (6) that which, having for its property the object of hearing (sound), remains pervading the universe (i.e. *Ether*), (7) that which is called the origin of all seeds (i.e. *Earth*) (8) that by which beings live (i.e. *Air*). [1]

At the end of the Nandi.

SUTRADHARA : (*Looking at the green room*) Lady, if the instruction regarding the make up (dress) is over, please come here.

NATI : (*Entering*) My lord, here I am.

SUTRADHARA : Lady, this assembly consists mostly of learned men ; and we have to entertain them, today, with a new drama called ABHIJNANA SAKUNTALA, the plot of which is constructed by KALIDASA ; so please take care with regard to every actor.

NATI : As you have made excellent arrangement for the performance, nothing will be wanting.

SUTRADHARA : Lady, I tell you the real fact.

I do not consider my proficiency in dramatic performance commendable, until it gives satisfaction to the learned; the mind of even highly trained persons is diffident of itself. [2]

2 NATI: True, my lord. Please direct what is to be done next.

SUTRADHARA: What else (can I direct) except to gratify the ears of this audience (by singing)? Hence, please sing about this very summer, which has just set in and which is suited to enjoyment. For now,—

The days are such that dipping in water is delightful, the forest breezes are fragrant, coming in contact with the '*patala*' flowers, and sleep is easily got in thick shades; and they (the days) are charming towards their close.

NATI: Yes. (*Sings*) [3]

Young women with compassion use as their ear-ornaments the Sirisa flowers, which are gently kissed by the bees and the tips of the filaments of which are delicate [4]

SUTRADHARA: My lady, well sung! The audience all round are (motionless) as if they were painted in a picture, having their feelings fixed on your melody. Now, to what play shall we have recourse to entertain them?

NATI: But have not the gentlemen (audience) already commanded us to enact the new play Abhijnana Sakuntala?

SUTRADHARA: My lady, I am well-reminded. I had wholly forgotten that, just now. For,

I was carried away forcibly, by the ravishing melody of your song even has this king Dushyanta by the great speed of the antelope. [5]

(*Exeunt*)

End of the Prologue.

(*Then enter in a chariot chasing an antelope the king, holding in hand a bow to which an arrow is fixed, and the Charioteer*)

CHARIOTEER: (*Looking at the king and the antelope*) Long-lived sir,

Casting my look on the black spotted dear and on you holding your bow strung, I behold as it were the *Pinaka holder* (Siva) himself chasing an antelope. [6]

KING: Charioteer, we have been drawn away very far by this antelope. But even now, he

Fixing his look at the chariot pursuing him, gracefully by bending his neck, entering the forepart of his body by (contracting) much of the hinder part through the fear of the descent of an arrow, and strewing his path with half-chewed *darbha grass* dropping down from his mouth open on account of exhaustion, look! how with his lofty boundings, he passes more through the sky than along the earth. [7]

(*With surprise*) How then, though I pursue him closely, he has become hardly visible!

CHARIOTEER: Long-lived sir, the speed of the chariot was slackened by me by drawing in the reins, as the road was rugged. That is how the deer could gain much distance. Now that you have come to an even ground, it won't be difficult for you to get at him.

KING: Then release the reins.

CHARIOTEER: As the long-lived one commands (*Showing the speed of the chariot*) Long-lived sir, look, look,—

Now that the reins are released, these horses dash on, as if intolerent of the speed of the deer, with their fore-parts stretched out fully, with the tips of the chamaras motionless, with ears erect and steady; and not to be overtaken even by the dust raised by themselves. [8]

KING: True. Our horses have surpassed those of Surya and Indra. For,

4 On account of the speed of the chariot, that which looks small suddenly attains magnitude; that which is cut in the middle becomes united; even that which is crooked by nature appears straight to the eyes; and nothing is at a distance from me, and nothing close to me even for a moment. [9]

CHARIOTEER: See him being killed (*Gesticulates aiming the arrow*)

(*Behind the curtain*)

O king, that's a deer belonging to the hermitage, and he should not be killed.

CHARIOTEER: (*Listening and beholding*) Long-lived sir, hermits have come between you and the antelope that lay in the path of your arrow.

KING: (*Hurriedly*) So, draw in the reins.

CHARIOTEER: Yes. (*Stops the chariot.*)

(*Then enters the hermit with two others*)

HERMIT: (*Raising up his hand*) O King, this deer belongs to the hermitage and he should not be killed!

Never indeed an arrow should be made to descend on the delicate body of this deer, like fire on a heap of flowers. O! How unequal are the exceedingly frail life of the innocent deer and your arrows of adamantine hardness, that pierce sharply. [10]

Therefore withdraw your well aimed arrow. Your weapon is for the protection of the distressed and not to strike at the innocent. [11]

KING: Here, it is withdrawn. (*Does accordingly*)

HERMIT: This is worthy of you, the light of the Puru race.

This is quite befitting you, born in the Puru family. May you obtain thus a virtuous son who would be an emperor. [**12**]

THE OTHER TWO: (*Raising their hands*) Most certainly, may you get an emperor as a son! 5

KING: (*Bowing*) The brahmans' word is accepted.

HERMIT: King, we are going out to collect *Samit*, you see closeby the hermitage of Kanva on the banks of Anumalini. If it does not interfere with other business, please go in and accept the reception due to a guest. More-over,

By seeing the pleasing rites of the hermits, all obstacles being warded off (*by you*), you will know how well your shoulder marked by the scar of the bow-string protects (*them*). [**13**]

KING: Is the *Kulapati* present here?

HERMIT: Having just instructed his daughter Sakuntala to accord reception to the guests, he has gone to the Somatirta to propitiate her unfavourable fortune.

KING: Well. I shall see *her*; and indeed she will convey my respects to the great sage.

HERMIT: Then, we take your leave. (*Exit with pupils*)

KING: Charioteer, drive the horses. Let us sanctify ourselves by the sight of the holy hermitage.

CHARIOTEER: As the long-lived one commands. (*Again shows speed in the chariot*)

KING: (*Looking round*) Charioteer, even though not told, it is clear that this locality of hermitages is of a penance grove.

CHARIOTEER: How?

KING: Why, don't you see? Here, the *Nivara* grains have fallen beneath the trees from the openings of their hollows, inside which are parrots; in some places, the oily slabs indicate that *ingudi* fruits are crushed on

them; owing to the confidence gained, the deer endure (*alien*) sound and hence are not disturbed in their movements; and the paths leading to the water-spots are marked with lines of water dripping from the ends of the bark garments. [**14**]

CHARIOTEER: All that is true.

6 KING: (*Proceeding a little*) Let there be no disturbance to the inhabitants of the penance grove. So stop the chariot here, that I might alight.

CHARIOTEER: The reins are drawn in; may you alight, sir.

KING: (*Alighting*) Charioteer, penance groves ought to be entered of course, in a humble dress. Hence, please take this. (*Takes off the ornaments and his bow and offers to the charioteer*) Charioteer, by the time I return after paying a visit to the inhabitants of the hermitage, let the horses be given a refreshing bath.

CHARIOTEER: Yes. (*Exit*)

KING: (*Going round and looking*) This is the entrance to the hermitage. Let me enter. (*Entering and gesticulating the experience of an omen*)

This is the hermitage, very peaceful, yet my arm throbs; whence could then be its fruit here? Or why, there are doors every where for things that are bound to happen. [**15**]

(*Behind the curtain*) This way, this way friends!

KING: (*Listening*) Ah, I hear something like a talk to the right of the grove of trees. I will go there. (*Walking round and looking*) O, these hermit girls are coming just this way to water the plants, with waterpots of sizes suited to their capacity. (*Observing closely*) O! How pleasing, the sight of these girls!

If this beauty rare (even) in the harem should belong to one who inhabits a hermitage, then garden creepers are certainly surpassed by the sylvan, by their excellence. [**16**]

Let me wait in this shade. (*Stands looking*)

(*Then with two friends, enters Sakuntala acting as described above*)

SAKUNTALA : This way, friends, this way.

ANASUYA : Dear Sakuntala, I think that the trees of the 7
hermitage are dearer than you to father Kanva ; for, you have been appointed by him to fill these basins (of trees) with water, though you are as delicate as the Navamalika flower.

SAKUNTALA : It is not merely my father's order ; I have also a sisterly affection for these. (*Waters the plants.*)

KING : How then ? Is this Kanva's daughter ? Indeed, the revered Kanva is indiscrete in setting her to do the duties of the hermitage !

The sage, who wishes to make *this* artlessly charming beauty capable of doing penance, undoubtedly sets himself to cut the *Sami* plant with the edge of a blue-lotus leaf. [17]

Well ; concealing behind the tree, I will see her freely (*Does so.*)

SAKUNTALA : Dear Anasuya, I am made uncomfortable by this bark cloth fastened tightly by Priyamvada ; please loosen it.

ANASUYA : Yes. (*Loosens it.*)

PRIYAMVADA : (*With a smile*) Blame, for this, your youth that expands your bosom. (Why do you chide me ?) 8

KING : Truly the bark is unsuited to her form ; but it undoubtedly adds (to her beauty) the charm of ornaments. For,

The lotus though surrounded by weeds is charming ; the moon's spot, though dark, heightens her beauty ; this slender maiden, even with her bark (dress) is very lovely ; what, indeed, does not serve as an ornament to forms that are attractive ? [18]

SAKUNTALA: (*Looking forward*) This Kesara plant hastens me, as it were, (towards it) with fingers in the form of sprouts moved by the wind; so, I shall attend to it. (*Goes*)

PRIYAMVADA: For a moment, stand just here, dear Sakuntala; for, with you by its side, this Kesara plant appears as it were, united with a creeper.

SAKUNTALA: That's indeed why you are Priyamvada (lit a sweet-speaker.)

KING; Priyamvada has spoken (to Sakuntala) not only what is sweet but also what is true. For, her

Lower lip has the redness of a fresh sprout; her arms resemble tender branches and her youth that has set in in all her limbs is lovely like a blossom. [**19**]

ANASUYA: Dear Sakuntala, this is the jasmine creeper, the self-chosen bride of the mango tree, and named ***Vanajyotsna*** by you. Have you forgotten it?

SAKUNTALA: Then I shall forget my own self. (***Going near the creeper and seeing***) Friend, it is really in a pleasant season that the union of this couple, the creeper and the tree, has taken place. The Vanajyotsna is youthful with its
9 fresh flowers; the Mango tree is fit for enjoyment with its lovely foliage. (***Stands looking***)

PRIYAMVADA: Anasuya, do you know why Sakuntala looks so much at Vanajyotsna?

ANASUYA: Surely, I do not. (Pray) tell (me).

PRIYAMVADA: "I wish I too get a suitable mate for myself, just like this Vanajyotsna united with a worthy (mate) tree"—This is her thought.

SAKUNTALA: This is certainly the desire you have for yourself (***Empties the jar.***)

KING: Could this maiden be one born to the ***kulapati*** by a woman not of his own caste? Or, Why doubt it?

She is undoubtedly fit to be married by a Kshatriya, as my noble heart covets her. In matters which are subjects of doubt to the noble-minded, the inclinations of their hearts are the authority (to decide). [20]

Nevertheless, I will find out the truth about her.

SAKUNTALA ; (*In confusion*) Ah me! this bee flying up, being disturbed by my pouring the water, is advancing towards my face, leaving the jasmine. (*Gesticulates the attack of the bee.*)

KING : (*Eagerly*)

O Bee, while I feel miserable being engaged in finding out the truth about her, you are indeed blessed ; for, you almost touch her tremulous eye which has its outer corner moving playfully ; you hum softly moving about her ear, like one whispering secrets; and unmindful of her moving her hands, you (kiss her) drink her lower lip, the very essence of delight. [21] 10

SAKUNTALA ; This rude creature does not desist! I shall go elsewhere. (*Standing in a different place and casting a look.*) How now, he comes hither too! Friends, save me from being assaulted by this rude bee!

BOTH : (*Smilingly*) Who are we to save you? Call out Dushyanta. The penance groves are of course to be protected by the king!

KING : This is the time to show myself. Fear not, fear not—(*Holding in the middle, to himself*) Thus, my being a king will be known. Well then, I shall speak thus.

SAKUNTALA : (*Standing in a different place and casting a look.*) How now, he follows me even here!

KING : ((*Hastily going forward.*)

Who is it that behaves rudely towards the innocent hermit girls, while Paurava, the chastiser of the ill-behaved, rules the earth? [22]

(*Seeing the king, all look confused*)

ANASUYA: Sir, there is no great calamity. Our dear friend was agitated, being troubled by a bee. (*Points to Sakuntala*)

KING: (*Turning towards Sak.*) Is your penance thriving?

(*Sakuntala stands speechless through confusion*)

11 ANASUYA: Now, by having a distinguished guest. Dear Sakuntala, go to the hermitage. Bring materials for worship, with fruits. This water shall be for washing the feet.

KING: Even by your courteous words, you have accorded a reception to me.

PRIYAMVADA: Then, your honour will please be seated for a while on this platform beneath this Saptaparna tree, cool because of the dense shade, and remove your fatigue.

KING: You too, are surely fatigued by this work.

ANASUYA: Dear Sakuntala, it is but proper for us to honour the guests; let us sit here. (*All are seated.*)

SAKUNTALA: (*To herself*) How indeed is it that on seeing this person, I have been susceptible of an emotion inconsistent with the penance grove?

KING: (*Looking at all of them*) Oh! your friendship is really delightful because of the equality (similarity) of age and form (in you all).

PRIYAMVADA: (*Aside*) Anasuya, who indeed is this person who looks as he were a man with power, with an intelligent and dignified form, talking so sweetly and pleasingly?

ANASUYA: Friend, I too have that curiosity. Let me ask him. (*Aloud*) The confidence gained by your honour's sweet
12 talk, induces me to ask—'What is that royal family adorned by your honour? What is the country, the people of which are made to pine away by being separated from you, (now)? What has subjected so delicate a person as yours, to the toil of going to the penance grove?

SAKUNTALA: (*To herself*) O my heart, do not be impatient. Anasuya is expressing your thoughts.

KING: (*To himself*) Now, how shall I declare myself; or how shall I conceal myself? Well; thus I shall tell her. (*Aloud*) Good lady, I am the person appointed by the king of the Puru race, to guard religious duties; hence, I came to this sacred forest to see if the rites here are free from obstacles.

ANASUYA; Now, the pious people are with their guardian!

(*Sakuntala shows bashfulness owing to love*)

THE TWO FRIENDS: (*Knowing the inward feeling of both Sakuntala and the king, aside.*) Dear Sakuntala, if father should be present here today—?

SAKUNTALA: What would happen, then?

FRIENDS: He would make this distinguished guest gratified, even by (offering him) the best treasure of his life.

SAKUNTALA: Get away both of you! You speak (irrelevently) having something in your mind. I won't listen to your words.

KING: May I also ask (you) something about your friend?

FRIENDS: Sir, this request is indeed a favour (on us).

KING: It is well known that the venerable Kasyapa has 13
led a life of perpetual celibacy; and how could this friend of yours be his daughter?

ANASUYA: Please listen, sir. As you know, there is the royal sage of great power, whose family-name is Kausika.

KING: Yes; I have heard (of him).

ANASUYA: Know him to be the father of our dear friend. But as she was abandoned by him, father Kasyapa is her father, by reason of his bringing her up.

KING: Curiosity has been roused in me by the word 'abandoned'. I like to hear from the beginning.

ANASUYA: Please listen, sir. Formerly, on the bank of Gautami, when the royal sage was absorbed in severe austerities, the gods fearing him somehow, sent nymph Menaka to cause an obstacle to his discipline.

KING: The gods indeed fear other's practicing penance.

ANASUYA: Then, just when spring was setting in, beholding her intoxicating beauty...(*Does not complete the sentence through shame*).

KING: I understand what followed. Anyway, she is born of a nymph?

ANASUYA: Indeed sir.

KING: That is right.

14 How else could there be the production of such a beauty among mortal women? Lightning, with its quivering flash, does never rise from the earth. [**23**]

(*Sakuntala stands with a down-cast face*)

KING: (*To himself*) There has been room for my desire yet. Having heard the jesting prayer for a husband, from her friend, my mind is much disturbed between divided feelings.

PRIYAMVADA: (*Looking, with a smile, at Sakuntala and then turning towards the hero*) Your honour appears to be desirous of speaking again.

(*Sakuntala threatens the friend with her fore-finger*)

KING: You have observed well. In my eagerness to hear the deeds of the good, I have another thing to ask about.

PRIYAMVADA: Do not hesitate, the hermits are indeed such, that they can be asked anything without reservation.

KING: This (is what) I wish to know of you.

Should this (lady) observe this ascetic vow which obstructs the dealings of love, only until she is given away (in marriage) or, will she live for ever with the female deers, dear to her on account of their bewitching eyes? [**24**]

PRIYAMVADA: Sir, even regarding the observance of *Dharma*, she is in the hands of another; nevertheless, the intention of her father is to give her to a suitable husband.

KING: (*To himself*) (Then) this desire (of mine) is indeed not difficult to attain!

O Heart! cherish your desire; there has been a decision regarding the doubt. This, which you feared to be fire, is a jewel that can be touched (safely). [25]

SAKUNTALA: (*As if angrily*) Anasuya, I will go away.

ANASUYA: Why? 15

SAKUNTALA: I will complain to the respected Gautami about this Priyamvada who is talking nonsence.

ANASUYA: It is improper, my friend, to go away at (your) pleasure, neglecting the distinguished guest to whom due reception is not yet accorded.

(*Sakuntala starts to go without saying any thing*)

KING: (*Desirous of siezing her, but restraining himself aside*) O! a lover's mind has its counterpart in action. For I,

Desirous of following the sage's daughter, but my advancing (being) checked by decorum, have gone and come back, as it were, even though I have not moved from my seat. [26]

PRIYAMVADA: (*Obstructing Sakuntala*) Friend, it is not proper for you to go.

SAKUNTALA: (*With a frown*) Why?

PRIYAMVADA: You owe me to water the trees, twice (two waterings). Come along; first, free yourself; (then you may go.) (*Forcibly makes her turn back*)

KING: Good lady, I see that the lady is fatigued just by watering the trees. For, her

Arms are with shoulders drooping and with palms very red on account of lifting the water jar; the breathing

16 which is above normal, causes the heaving of the breasts, even now; on her face has formed a screen of the drops of perspiration, which covers the Sirisa flower on her ear; and the braid loosening, the dishevelled tresses are grasped (by her) in one hand. [**27**]

I will therefore free her of what she owes (***Desires to give his ring***)

(***Both look at each other, after reading the name engraved on it***.)

KING: Do not think strangely of me. Know me to be a kingly person, as it is a king's gift.

PRIYAMVADA: Then, surely this ring should not be separated from the finger. (***Smiling a little***) Dear Sakuntala, you have been liberated by the compassionate gentleman, or the great king. You may go now.

SAKUNTALA: (***To herself***) If I were my own master. (***Aloud***) Who are you to dismiss or detain (me)?

KING: (***Looking at Sakuntala, to himself***) Could she have the same feelings towards me, as I have towards her? Why, there is scope for my longing. For,

Though she does not mingle her words with mine, she lends her ear towards them, while I speak. Of course, she does not stand face to face with me, but mostly her sight has no other object (to see). [**28**]

(***Behind the screen***) Ho! Hermits! Equip yourselves for protecting the animals of the penance grove. King Dushyanta is reported to be nearby, amusing himself in the chase.

17 For, the dust raised by horses' hoofs, which has caused the splendour of the twilight, falls like a swarm of locusts on the trees belonging to the hermitages, from the boughs of which, bark garments wet with water are suspended. [**29**]

Moreover,

Like an incarnate obstacle to our penance, into this sacred forest, enters an elephant with one of his tusks stuck up in the bough of the trees felled by a severe blow, (he) having a snare formed by the coils of the creepers dragged along by his feet, and having dispelled the herd of deer. [**30**]

(***All listen and are somewhat excited***)

KING: (***To himself***) Fie! The citizens in search of me, are disturbing the penance grove. Well; let me go back.

THE TWO FRIENDS: Sir, we are agitated by this report regarding the forest. Permit us to return to our hermitage.

KING: (***Respectfully***) You may go. I too shall so try that there may be no disturbance to the hermitages.

(***All rise***)

THE TWO FRIENDS: Sir, having now failed to accord to you the reception due to a guest, we are ashamed to request you to pay us a visit again.

KING: No, not so. I have been honoured even by your sight.

(***With her two friends exit Sakuntala looking at the King and delaying with some pretext***)

KING: I am slackened in my enthusiasm to go back to the capital. Nevertheless, I will join my followers and encamp them, not far away from the penance forest. I am, indeed, unable to divert myself away from thinking about Sakuntala. For,

My body moves forward while the irreconciled mind draws backward, like the china-silk-cloth of the banner which is being carried against wind. [**31**]

(***Exeunt***)

End of the First Act.

ACT II

18 (*Then enters the Vidushaka in a depressed mood.*)

VIDUSHAKA: (*Sighing*) Ah, Fate! I am fed up with the friend-ship of this king addicted to hunting. We have been roving from forest to forest crying—"Here is a dear, here is a boar and here is a tiger", even at midday while the groves of trees too have very little shade on account of Summer. We have been drinking the bitter waters of the mountain streams dirty being filled with leaves. At odd hours we have been eating food consisting chiefly of flesh roasted on spits. I am having no sound sleep even during nights, as my joints are bruised by following (the chase) on horse-back. Again, too early at dawn, I am awakened by the *whore-sons*, the fowlers, with their wild noise while taking the forest. With this much the trouble does not end. Further, a pimple has grown upon the boil. Just yesterday, while we were not with him, the king entered the locality of hermitages in his pursuit of a deer, and my ill-luck showed him the hermit-girl Sakuntala. Now, he does not even think of returning to the capital, some-how. Even to-day his eyes beheld the day dawning, while he was still thinking of her. What help is there? Let me see him, now that he has finish-
19 ed his routine duties (of the morning). (*Walking about and looking*) O! just hither is coming my dear friend surrounded by the yavana women wearing garlands of wild flowers and holding bows in their hands. Well, I shall stand crippled as it were, by the breakdown of my limbs. (Let me see) if, in this way at least, I can get some relief! (*Stands leaning on a wooden staff.*)

(*Then enters the king with retinue as discribed above*)

KING: Verily, the beloved lady cannot be easily obtained; but the mind encourages (me) having observed her feelings; even though love might not have realised its object, longing on the part of both causes delight. [1]

(*Smiling*) Thus the solicitor is ridiculed, in as much as he interprets in his favour the feelings of the person he loves.

Although she cast her eyes in a different direction, her look was loving; her slow gait, though due to the heaviness of the hips, was, as it were, through sportiveness; and when her friend stopped her with the words 'Do not go', she was answered by her (my beloved) angrily; all that (I imagine,) had reference to me solely! O, how a lover views (every thing) as his own! [2]

VIDUSHAKA: (*Standing in the same way*) O friend! my hands and legs do not move. So, I greet you by words merely.

KING: (*With a smile*) Whence this paralysis to your limbs?

VIDUSHAKA: Having yourself pained the eye, why indeed do you ask me the cause of (my) tears?

KING: Surely, I do not understand you.

VIDUSHAKA: O friend, that the cane-plant imitates the posture of a hunch-back,—is it on account of its own power or due to the force of the stream? 20

KING: The force of the stream is the cause there-at.

VIDUSHAKA: (Then) you (are the cause) in my case.

KING: How?

VIDUSHAKA: Having neglected your kingly duties, should you lead the life of a forester, in such a dreary place as this? I tell you the truth, I have become no master of my [3]

own limbs whose joint-tethers have all been shaken by the daily pursuits of the wild beasts. Therefore I beg of you to grant me leave at least for one day, that I may have some rest.

KING: (*To himself*) He too speaks thus. My mind also is weary of the chase, as I think of Kashyapa's daughter.

For I have no mind (am unable) to bend against the deer, this strung bow to which an arrow is fixed; (for) the deer dwelling with my beloved have as it were imparted to her instructions in casting lovely glances. [**3**]

VIDUSHAKA: (*Looking at the king's face*) Your Majesty is considering something within yourself; and mine has been a cry in the wilderness.

KING: (*With a smile*) What else (can I be considering)? I am at a stand-still since a friend's words should not be transgressed by me.

21 VIDUSHAKA: Live long! (*Desires to go*)

KING: Stay, friend; I have yet to speak.

VIDUSHAKA: You may command.

KING: After taking rest, you should help me too, in an affair involving no trouble.

VIDUSHAKA: Is it in eating sweetmeats? Then, this is the best time for that!

KING: I will tell you in what (you should help me). Ey, who is there?

(*Entering*) DOOR-KEEPER: (*Bowing*) May my master command.

KING: Raivataka, please call the commander.

DOOR-KEEPER: I obey, sir. (*Exit and reenter with the Commander*) Here our master is looking just this way, eager to give orders. Please approach him, sir.

COMMANDER: (*Seeing the king*) Though the chase is known to have evil effects, in the case of our master, it has been only for the good. For His Majesty,

Like an elephant moving on mountains, possesses a body with strength as its essence; the front of the body is hardened by (his) incessantly drawing the bow-string; it (body) is quite able to bear the rays of the sun and is free from even the slightest perspiration; and though grown thin, it cannot be observed as it is fully developed. [4]

(*Going near*) May my lord be victorious! The beasts have been caught in the forest. Why then, does my lord stay away?

KING: My zeal has been curbed by Madhavya who detests the chase.

COMMANDER: (*Aside*) Friend, be firm in your opposition. 22
I shall however follow the master's bent of mind. (*Aloud*) Let the fool tattle. Your Majesty's self is indeed an instance (here).

With the belly rendered thin by the reduction of fat, the body becoming light, will be fit for exertion; the mind of the beasts divided between fear and anger is also observed; and it is really the glory of archers that their arrows hit the aimed object even though it be moving; absurdly indeed, hunting is spoken of as a vice; where else is such amusement (to be found)? [5]

VIDUSHAKA: Get away, inciter of zeal! His Majesty has come back to himself. You can however rove from forest to forest and fall a prey into the mouth of some old bear longing for the nose of a man.

KING: Good commander, we are in the vicinity of the hermitage. Hence I do not commend your words. So, to-day,

Let the buffaloes dip in the water of the muddy pools, repeatedly splashed with their horns; let the herd of deer collecting together under shades ruminate; let the lordly boars freely dig the *Musta*-grass in pools; and let this bow of ours, with its fastening string loosened enjoy rest. [6]

COMMANDER: As it pleases my lord.

KING: Then, call back the beaters(surrounding the hunting regions), already gone ahead; and, my soldiers should be prohibited from molesting the penance forest. Look;—

In these penance groves where tranquility predominates, lies concealed a fiery power; and they put it forth, like the sun stones that are (first) cool to the touch, when provoked by other energies. [7]

COMMANDER: As my master commands.

23 VIDUSHAKA: Now, let your tale of encouraging (our master) be balked! (*Exit Commander*)

KING: (*Looking at the attendants*) Please take off your hunting dress. Raivataka, you too look to your duty.

ATTENDANTS: As your Majesty commands. (*Exeunt*)

VIDUSHAKA: You have driven off all the flies. Now, please sit on this slab of stone graced with a canopy of the shade of trees, while I too will sit at ease.

KING: Go forward.

VIDUSHAKA: Come along, your Majesty.

(*Both walk about and sit*)

KING: Madhavya, you have not obtained the fruit of your sight, as you did not see what is worth seeing!

VIDUSHAKA: But, are you not before me!

KING: Every one thinks that what belongs to himself is beautiful. But I am speaking to you of that Sakuntala who is like an ornament to the hermitage.

VIDUSHAKA: (*To himself*) Well; I won't give him room for this (reverie). (*Aloud*) O friend, you seem to covet the hermit-maiden.

KING: Friend, never would the mind of the descendants of Puru incline towards an object which is to be forbidden!

I am told that the sage's daughter is born of a heavenly 24
nymph and found (by him) when abandoned (by her),
like a NAVAMALIKA flower falling on the ARKA tree,
when loosened. [8]

VIDUSHAKA: (*Laughing*) Like the desire for tamarind of a person who has lost relish for sweet dates,— so also is this longing of yours, disregarding the most beautiful women (of your harem).

KING: You speak so, just because you have not seen her.

VIDUSHAKA: That which excites wonder even in you, must necessarily be very charming.

KING: Friend, why speak much?

She has been endowed with life by the Creator only after
being first drawn in a picture, or she has ben fashioned
by him mentally, combining tegether (all) the beauty (of
the universe); to me, she appears altogether a different
creation of a jewel among women, when I consider the
omnipotence of the Creator and her form. [9]

VIDUSHAKA: If so, all the ladies of beauty are obscured.

KING: Further, I consider that—

Her flawless form is like a flower not (yet) smelt, like a
tender leaf not (yet) plucked by nails, like a jem not
(yet) perforated, like fresh honey whose flavour is not
(yet) tasted, and like the reward of meritorious deeds
not interrupted; I know not whom providence would
present to be the enjoyer, here (in the case of her) [10]

VIDUSHAKA: Then, may you please rescue her at once,

so that she may not fall into the hands of some ascetic having a head greasy with the INGUDI oil.

25 KING: But the lady is not her own master, and her father too is not present here.

VIDUSHAKA: Well, what is the feeling betrayed by her eyes, towards you?

KING: The hermit-girls are shy by nature; still however,

Only when I turned my face towards her, her sight was withdrawn (from me), (and) she smiled so (as to show) that it was caused by something else; thus her love, its operation being checked by modesty, was neither displayed nor concealed. [11]

VIDUSHAKA: Surely, she could not sit on your lap, the moment you were seen!

KING: Nevertheless, while departing with her friends, she laid bare her feeling of love though bashfully. For,

Having gone only a few steps, the slender (fair) lady stopped suddenly, (pretending) that her foot was pricked by the *Darbha* shoot; and she stood turning her face (towards me), freeing her bark-garment, though it was not caught by the branches of the shurbs. [12]

VIDUSHAKA: Then, provide yourself with provisions for (the way) the period you have to camp here. I see that you have turned the penance-forest into a pleasure garden.

KING: Friend, I am known to some of the hermits. Please think under what pretext we can go again to the hermitage.

VIDUSHAKA: What other pretext for you, kings? Say that the hermits may offer you the sixth part of the wild rice.

26 KING: You fool! These hermits pay altogether a different tribute which is valued very high, casting aside even heaps of gold. Look,

The income of kings, that accrues from the (different) classes (of people) is perishable, while the foresters give us the never-perishing sixth part of their penance. [13]

(*Behind the curtain*) O! we have accomplished our object.

KING: (*Listening*) Oh! they must be hermits of a deep calm voice!

(*Entering*) DOOR-KEEPER: May the king be victorious! Two young hermits have arrived here, at the door.

KING: Then, bring them in without delay.

DOORKEEPER: Here I do. (*Exit and reenter with the two young hermits.*) This way, please. (*Both see the king*)

FIRST: O! Though resplendent, his personality inspires confidence. Or rather, it is quite natural in a king who is not far different from hermits. For, (like a hermit,)

He too has taken up his residence in an ***Asrama*** where all can find support; daily, he also stores up merit by protecting (others); of him, too, who has controlled his passions, the holy title '***Sage***' only prefixed by *Royal*, very often reaches heaven, being praised by the *Charana* couples. [14]

SECOND: Gautama, is this Dushyanta, the friend of Indra?

FIRST: Yes.

SECOND: Then surely,

It is no wonder that this king, with his arms as long as the bars of the city gate, governs solely the whole earth having boundaries dark blue on account of the oceans; for, the gods, who have deeprooted enmity towards the demons, hope for victory in battles, (relying) on his strung bow, and the thunder-bolt of Indra. [15] 27

BOTH: (*Going near*) O King, be victorious!

KING: (*Rising from the seat*) I bow to you both.

BOTH: May good befall you! (*Offer him fruits*)

KING: (*Accepting with a bow*) I wish to be commanded,

BOTH: The inmates of the hermitages have come to know that you are here. Hence, they request of you.—

KING: What is their command?

BOTH: "As the great sage, the Venerable Kanva, is not present, the demons create obstacles to our sacrifices. Hence, please stay in the hermitage for a few days, accompanied by your charioteer."— they pray.

KING: I feel honoured.

VIDUSHAKA: (*Aside*) This request is now favourable to you.

KING: (*Smiling*) Raivataka, bid the charioteer, on my behalf, to bring the chariot here, with my bow.

DOORKEEPER: As your Majesty commands. (*Exit.*)

BOTH: (*Delighted*)

It is quite becoming of you that you follow your ancestors;
for indeed, the descendants of Puru always initiate
themselves in sacrifices of protecting the distressed. [**16**]

28 KING: (*Bowing*) You may go ahead. I too will come presently.

BOTH: Be victorious. (*Exeunt ambo*)

KING: Madhavya, Is there curiosity (in you) to see Sakuntala?

VIDUSHAKA: It was to overflowing, at first; but now, not a drop of it is left by the mention of the demons.

KING: Do not fear; will you not be by my side?

VIDUSHAKA: Then I am saved from the demon.

(*Entering*) DOORKEEPER: The chariot being ready, is awaiting your Majesty's setting out for victory. Here again, Karabhaka has arrived from the capital with a message from the Queen (mother).

KING: (*Eagerly*) Sent by the mother?

DOORKEEPER: Yes,

KING: Won't you bring him in.

DOORKEEPER: I will. (*Exit and reenter with Karabhaka*) Here is the King; go near.

KARABHAKA: Victory to your Majesty. The Queen sends word— "On the fourth day from this, my fasting will be broken (with a feast). On that occasion you (long-lived) should be present without fail"

KING: Here is the duty towards the hermits (on one hand), and here the command of the mother on the other. What is to be done now?

VIDUSHAKA: Remain (hang) in the sky like Trisanku! 29

KING: Really I am puzzled.

My mind is divided between the two duties as they are (to be discharged) in different places, like the stream of a river checked by a hillock lying in its course. [**17**]

(*Pondering*) Friend, you are regarded as a son by the mother. Hence you will return and please perform the duties of a son, informing her ladyship that my mind is engrossed in the duties towards hermits.

VIDUSHAKA: I hope you don't consider me afraid of the demons?

KING: How is it probable in you (a brahmin)?

VIDUSHAKA: I shall go just as the younger brother of a king should.

KING: Why, I shall send all my followers with you in order to avoid the disturbance to the penance forest.

VIDUSHAKA: (*Proudly*) Then I have indeed become a royal prince!

KING: (*To himself*) This is an indiscreet fellow. He might relate to my queens my longing (for Sakuntala). Well; I shall tell him thus. (*Taking the Vidushaka by the*

hand, aloud) It is owing to the reverence (I have) for the sages, that I go to the hermitage. In reality, I have no desire for the hermit girl. Look.

What a wide gulf there is between myself and the girl (where am I and where the person) who is alien to love affairs and brought up in the company of fawns? Friend, let not my words spoken in jest be taken for truth. [18]

VIDUSHAKA : Very well. (*Exeunt*)

End of the Second Act.

30

ACT III

(*Then enters a pupil of the Sacrificer, holding the Kusa grass.*)

PUPIL : O! How very powerful a king is Dushyanta! For, as soon as His Majesty entered the hermitage, our rites became free from obstacles.

Why speak of fixing the arrow (to the bow)? For, even from a distance he drives away the obstacles merely by the twang of the bowstring as if by the menacing hum of the bow. [1]

Well, I shall take these DARBHAS to the priests, for spreading on the alter. (*Walking about and looking. In the air.*) Priyamvada, for whom are you taking this USIRA ointment and the lotus leaves with their stalks? (*Listening*) What ? Do you say— Sakuutala is seriously unwell owing to exposure in the Sun, and (that these are) for cooling her body ? Well then, let her be nursed with care ;(for,) she is in fact the very breath of the venerable Kanva, our KULAPATI. I too shall send her, the soothing water of the rites, in the hands of Gautami. (*Exit*)

End of Vishkambhaka.

(*Then enters the king in a love-lorn state*)

KING: (*Sighing*).

I am aware of the power of penance; and (also) that the maiden is under the care of another. Yet, I am not able to divert my heart from her. [2]

(*Gesticulating that he is tormented by Love*) O flower-arrowed God! As a class, all the lovers are deceived by you and the Moon, when both of you are considered fit to be relied upon (for comfort). For,

Your having flowery arrows and the moon's being cool-rayed,—both these appear untrue in the case of persons like me; (for,) the Moon, with his rays of cold, showers fire and you make your flowery arrows as hard as adamant. [3]

Or,

In spite of his causing incessant pain to my mind, the 31
Fish-bannered God is agreeable to me, as he smites me only with reference to that maiden of bewitching eyes. [4]

(*With dejection, walking about.*) Where shall I amuse myself wearied on account of hard work, as I am permitted (to go) by the priests, their rites being over? (*Sighing*) To what else shall I resort, except seeing my beloved? So I shall look for her. (*Seeing the Sun*) Generally Sakuntala passes with her friends this time of severe heat on the banks of Malini having creeper bowers. I will hence go thither. (*Walking about and gesticulating the touch of a fine breeze*) O! how pleasant a spot with this breeze!

The breeze fragrant on account of its contact with lotuses, and wafting the water particles of the waves of the Malini, can be embraced warmly with limbs inflamed by love! [5]

(*Walking about and observing*) Sakuntala must be present in this creeper-bower enclosed by canes. For,

On the white sand at the entrance of this bower, is seen a line of fresh footsteps raised in the front parts and deepended in the hinder, on account of the heaviness of the hips. [**6**]

Let me see from behind the branches. (*Walking about, does so ; deligh'ed*) O joy ! I have found the bliss of my eyes. Here my sweet-heart reposing on a stone-slab covered with flowers, is being waited on by her two friends. Well, I shall just hear their free talks. (*Stands looking*)

(*Then enters with her two friends Sakuntala as described*)

THE TWO FRIENDS : (*Fanning, lovingly*) Dear Sakuntala, is the wind of the lotus-leaves soothing to you ?

SAKUNTALA : Why friends, are you fanning me ?

32 (*The two friends gesticulate despair and look at each other*)

KING : Sakuntala indeed seems to be very indisposed. (*Guessing*) Is this ailment caused by the heart, or is it as is in my mind ? (*Observing eagerly.*) Or, away with doubt !

This (body) person of my beloved, with the breasts smeared with the Usira, and wearing only loose bracelets of lotus-stems appears very lovely, though ailing. No doubt the suffering, inflicted by love and the hot weather, is similar ; but the injury caused by heat is not so charming on the young maidens. [**7**]

PRIYAMVADA : (***Aside***) Anasuya, Sakuntala has been somewhat uneasy, ever since her first seeing that royal sage. So, could this indisposition of hers be on his account ?

ANASUYA : Friend, my mind too has the same suspicion. Well, I shall just ask her. (***Aloud***) Friend, I mean asking you something. Your suffering is really very great.

SAKUNTALA : (*Raising the upper half of her body from the bed*) Friend, what do you wish to speak ?

ANASUYA: Dear Sakuntala, we are of course not conversant with matters concerning love. Never-the-less, I see that your state is similar to that of the lovers, of which we hear in stories. Tell me, what is this affliction of yours due to? Before diagnosing a case correctly, one cannot commence remedying it.

KING: The same idea as mine, has struck also to Anasuya! 33

SAKUNTALA: (*To herself*) My attachment is indeed very great. Even now, I cannot tell them of it, at once.

PRIYAMVADA: Dear Sakuntala, she says well. Why do you neglect your anguish? Day by day your limbs are wasting away! Only the splendour of your lovely complexion does not leave you!

KING: Priyamvada has spoken the truth. For,

Her face has its cheeks very much emaciated; her bosom has its breasts deprived of their hardness; the waist is exceedingly slender; her shoulders are altogether drooping: and her complexion is pale; (thus) being afflicted by love she (my beloved) appears pitiable and yet lovely, like a MADHAVI creeper touched (affected) by a wind which causes its leaves to wither away. [8]

SAKUNTALA: Friend, to whom else shall I say that? But I will be a source of trouble to you, now.

BOTH: Just therefore is this importunity (of ours): For, suffering becomes endurable only when shared by friends.

KING: Questioned by one who shares her sorrows and joys, the maiden will surely speak out the cause of her affliction concealed in her heart; in the mean-while, I have grown nervous to hear (what she has to say), although I was looked at longingly by her, laying bare her heart, probably in that manner. [9]

34 SAKUNTALA : Friend, ever since that royal sage, who protects the penance grove, came in the range of my sight... (*Shows bashfulness, not completing the sentence.*)

BOTH : Please proceed, dear friend.

SAKUNTALA : Since then, I have become thus indisposed, on account of my longing for him.

KING ; (*Joyfully*) I have heard, what I longed to hear !
Love was the cause of my suffering ; he himself has become my comforter, now, just as a day dark with clouds becomes to the world of beings at the close of the hot season. [10]

SAKUNTALA : Therefore, if you approve of it, do what is needed to make the royal sage take compasion on me. Or else, pour for me, water with sesamum. (i.e. look upon me as dead).

KING : The words have dispelled the doubt.

PRIYAMVADA : (*Aside*) Anasuya, as her love has advanced very far, she cannot suffer any delay. The person on whom she has fixed her mind is like an ornament to the Pauravas. Therefore, it is proper that we should approve of her desire.

ANASUYA : Just as you say.

PRIYAMVADA : (*Aloud*) Friend, we congratulate you on your well-placed love. Whither shall a great river flow except into the ocean ? What tree, other than the *Sahakara* (mango), deserves to support the Atimukta creeper covered with foliage?

35 KING : What wonder is there, if the two Vishakhas (stars) follow the moon's digit ?

ANASUYA : Then, what can be the way by which we may fulfil the longing of our friend, speedily and secretly ?

PRIYAMVADA : '*Secretly*' is to be considered ; '*speedily*' is easy.

ANASUYA : How ?

PRIYAMVADA: Don't you see that the royal sage, indicating his love for her by affectionate glances, appears now-a-days emaciated owing to sleeplessness.

KING: True, I have become just so. For,

This gold bracelet, having the jewels sullied by tears hot owing to internal burning (agony) and flowing every night from the outer corners of the eyes placed on the arm, is being pushed back by me as it slips down repeatedly, not being much obstructed by the scar due to the friction of the bow-string. [11]

PRIYAMVADA: (*Thinking*) Friend, please prepare a love letter. I shall conceal it in flowers and deliver into his hands, under the pretext of a gift from the deities.

ANASUYA: The plan, nice as it is, is agreeable to me. But, what does Sakuntala say?

SAKUNTALA: Why, is your proposal ever set aside by me?

PRIYAMVADA: Then think out some composition of pretty 35
words, with a reference to yourself.

SAKUNTALA: Friend, I shall think; but my heart trembles with the fear of a repulse.

KING: (*Joyfully*).

The person from whom you fear a repulse, o timid girl, stands here longing for union with you. The seeker (of fortune) may or may not obtain Fortune; but, how can one sought by Fortune herself, be inaccessible to her?. [12]

THE TWO FRIENDS: O you under-estimating your own merits! who indeed would avoid with her mantle, the autumnal moon-light which is soothing to the body.

SAKUNTALA: (*Smilingly*) Here I am at it. (*Sits & thinks*).

KING: Fittingly indeed, I am looking at my beloved with an eye that has forgotten to wink!

Her face with one of its creeper-like eye-brows raised up, as she is putting the words together, discloses her love for me, through the thrilling cheek. [13]

SAKUNTALA: Friend, I have already thought out matter for a verse; but the requisites for writing are not available.

37 PRIYAMVADA: Draw the letters with your nails on this lotus-leaf which is as soft as a parrot's breast.

SAKUNTALA: *(Doing as directed)* Friends, now listen (and see) if this is consistent.

BOTH: We are attentive.

SAKUNTALA: (*Reads.*)

I know not your heart; but, o ruthless one, by day and by night Love has been vehemently inflaming my limbs whose desires are fixed on you. [14]

KING: (*Suddenly approaching.*)

O slim-framed lady, Love inflames you incessantly, but he actually burns me; for, day-light does not cause the moon-lotus bed to fade as much as he does the moon. [15]

THE TWO FRIENDS: (*Seeing the king and rising with joy*) Welcome to the undelaying object desired.

(*Sakuntala wishes to rise up*)

KING: No, do not trouble yourself.

Your excessively inflamed limbs, which have scorched the bed of flowers and which are fragrant by reason of the instantly fading lotuses, should not observe any formalities. [16]

ANASUYA: Our friend will kindly grace a part of this stone-slab. (*The king sits; Sakuntala is bashful*)

PRIYAMVADA: The love you have mutually, is obvious; but my love for the friend makes me speak the same, once again.

KING: Good lady, that should not be avoided ; for, what 38
one wishes to speak causes regret, if not spoken.

PRIYAMVADA: That a king ought to remove the distress of a distressed person living in his dominion,—this is your duty (as a king).

KING: Nothing else.

PRIYAMVADA: Well then, this dear friend of ours has been reduced to this (altered) condition, on your account by the Love god. Therefore you will please save her life taking pity on her.

KING: Good lady, this prayer is common (to both of us.) In every way I am obliged to you.

SAKUNTALA: (*Looking at Priyamvada.*) Friend, why do you distract the Royal sage who is uneasy owing to his separation from the ladies in his harem ?

KING: Sweet lady,

Already slain that I am by the shafts of Love, I am slain once again, o lady with long and bewitching eyes (ever) present in my heart, if you think otherwise (wrongly) of my heart which is devoted to none else. [**17**]

ANASUYA: Friend, we hear that kings have many wives. Therefore, please manage in such a way that our dear friend will not be grieved at by her relatives.

KING: Good lady, why say much ?

Not withstanding the great number of my wives, the causes of a permanent name to my race will be these two, (viz.) the sea-girdled ocean and this friend of yours. [**18**]

BOTH: We are happy.

PRIYAMVADA: (*Casting a look*) Anasuya, this anxious 39
fawn is seeking its mother, looking this way. Come along ; let us unite it (with its mother). (*Both set out*)

SAKUNTALA: Friends, I am without any help (companion); one of you please come here.

BOTH: He, who is the helper (mate) of the Earth, is by your side. (*Exeunt ambo*)

SAKUNTALA: How now, both are gone!

KING: Don't be agitated; Isn't here by your side, this person (myself) who adores you?

With cool and fatigue-removing fans of lotus-petals, shall I set in motion moist-breeze? or, o fair maiden, to soothe you, shall I lightly press your lotus-red feet placing them on my lap? [19]

SAKUNTALA: I shall not make myself guilty towards persons who are to be respected.

(*Rises and wishes to go.*)

KING: Beautiful one, the day has not yet cooled, and such is your condition.

Leaving the bed of flowers and (removing) the lotus petals covering your breasts, how will you go in this sun, with your limbs so delicate as to be easily injured! [20]

(*Turns her back forcibly*)

SAKUNTALA: Puru's decendant! honour modesty. I am not my own master though love-smitten.

KING: Timid girl, you need not fear the elders. The Kulapati conversant with the laws will not find fault here, on knowing this; see,

Many daughters of royal sages are known to have been wedded after the Gandharva type of marriage, and have been approved of by their parents. [21]

SAKUNTALA: But leave me now; I shall once again, get the approval of my friends.

KING: Well, I'll leave you.

SAKUNTALA: When?

KING: Lovely lady, as am thirsting for it, I shall gently taste the honey of this lower lip, tender being untouched (unbitten), just as a bee does the honey of the fresh-blown flower, tender being unscathed before. [22]

(*Wishes to raise her face. Sakuntala resists it.*)

(*Behind the curtain*) O Chakravaka bride, take leave of your mate. The night has set in.

SAKUNTALA: (*Listening, in fear*) Paurava, undoubtedly, it is the venerable Gautami coming here to know the condition of my health. Hence conceal yourself behind the branches.

KING: Well. (*Stands hiding himself.*)

(*Then enters Gautami with pitcher in hand and the two Friends*).

THE TWO FRIENDS: This way, this way, venerable Gautami.

GAUTAMI: (*Going near Sakuntala*) Child, are your limbs relieved of the suffering?

SAKUNTALA: Venerable mother, there has been a change in me (for the better).

GAUTAMI: With this water sprinkled with the *darbhas*, your body will be quite free from suffering. (*Sprinkling*) Child, the day has drawn to its close. Come along; we shall go straight away to the hermitage. (*They set out*).

SAKUNTALA: (*To herself*) O my heart, you did not give up your timidity when the object of your desire had already presented itself easily (before you). Why this grief to you now, regretting after separation? (*Standing at another step; aloud*) O creeper-enclosure, remover of affliction, I take leave of you, to find enjoyment with you, once again. (*Exit*) 41

SAKUNTALA: (*Going to the former place, with a sigh*) O! How full of obstacles is the accomplishment of the objects desired! For, by me

The face of the fair lady with long eye-lashes, its lower lip being repeatedly covered with her fingers, charming as it was perplexed uttering preventive words, and drawn away towards the shoulders,—that face was some-how raised up, but not kissed. [**23**]

Where shall I go now? or, I shall remain for a while in this very bower which my beloved has left after diverting herself therein. (*Looking all round,*)

Here, on this stone-slab, is her flowery-bed disorderd by her limbs; here is the faded love-letter drawn with her nails on the lotus leaf; here is the lotus-ornament that dropped down from her hand;—thus, my eyes being fixed on (one or the other thing), I am unable to go out of this creeper house at once, though it is vacant. [**24**]

(*In the air*) O king!

As the sacrificial rites of the evening have commenced, demons' shadows brown like evening clouds, scattered round the alter, which has fire (kindled) on it, move about causing terror in various ways. [**25**]

KING: Here, I am coming. (*Exit*).

End of the Third Act.

42

ACT IV

(*Then enter the two Friends gathering flowers*)

ANASUYA: Priyamvada, although my heart is at ease, now that Sakuntala has been united with a suitable husband and is happy by the Gandharva form of marriage, still there is some cause for worry.

PRIYAMVADA: How is it?

ANASUYA: ...Whether the saintly king remembers or not what happened here, when he gets united with the ladies of his harem after going to his capital, permitted by the hermits on the conclusion of the sacrifice.

PRIYAMVADA: Be confident. Such great personalities will not go against virtues. Now, I do not know what father will say after hearing this (story).

ANASUYA: So far as I see, it will be approved by him.

PRIYAMVADA: How?

ANASUYA: Of course (his) main desire was to give the daughter to a worthy man. If Fortune itself accomplishes it, has not father his object fulfilled without any endeavour?

PRIYAMVADA: (*Looking at the flower basket.*) Friend, I hope the flowers plucked will suffice for the offering.

ANASUYA: But the Guardian deity of Sakuntala is to be 43
worshipped, you know?

PRIYAMVADA: Right. (*Both again gather flowers.*)

(*Behind the curtain*) Here I am (a guest), ho!

ANASUYA: (*Listening*) Friend, the announcement is like that of a guest.

PRIYAMVADA: Isn't Sakuntala in the cottage?

ANASUYA: But now-a-days she is with an absent-mind. These flowers will do. (*Exeunt ambo.*)

(*Behind the curtain*) O you contemptuous towards a guest!
That man, thinking of whom with a fully absorbed mind
you do not take notice of me wealthy by penance present
here, shall not remember you even though reminded,
just as an intoxicated person does not remember the
talk made before. [1]

PRIYAMVADA: Alas! alas! The unpleasant thing has befallen us at last. Sakuntala, absent-minded that she is, has offended some respectable person. (*Looking forward.*) And not indeed an ordinary person! It is the easily irritable sage Durvasas. Having cursed thus, he has returned with a step difficult to be checked, as it dilates by reason of hastiness.

ANASUYA ; Who else than Fire is capable of burning ? Go, fall at his feet and make him come back ; in the meanwhile I will keep ready the water for the reception.

44 PRIYAMVADA : Yes. (*Exit.*)

ANASUYA : (*Stumbling at the next step*) Alas ! the flower basket has dropped down from my hands, as I stumbled in the hurry. (*Collects the flowers*).

(*Entering*) PRIYAMVADA : Friend, cross by nature as he is, whose entreaty does he listen to ? Yet he was made to relent a little.

ANASUYA : (*With a smile.*) Even this is much in his case. Tell me (how it was).

PRIYAMVADA : When he would not return, he was implored by me thus,—" Revered sir, considering that this is the first, this one fault of your daughter, ignorant of the power of penance, should kindly be pardoned (by your reverence.)"

ANASUYA : Then ?

PRIYAMVADA : Then saying—"My words cannot be otherwise ; but, on showing (him) some ornament as a sign of recognition, the curse will cease"—he instantly vanished.

ANASUYA : If so, we can console ourselves. While setting out, His Majesty himself fastened as a token of remembrance on Sakuntala's finger a ring with his name engraved on it ; with that, Sakuntala will be in possession of the remedy.

PRIYAMVADA : Come along, friend ; let us perform the worship of the Gods. (*Both walk about*)

45 PRIYAMVADA : (*Looking*) Anasuya, see there. Our dear friend looks as if painted in a picture, resting her face on her left hand. She is unaware of herself, in her thoughts about her lord. How then (could she be aware) of a stranger ?

ANASUYA: Priyamvada, let this incident remain (in the mouth of us two, only) a secret. Our dear friend, tender by nature, must be saved from the shock.

PRIYAMVADA: Who would sprinkle NAVAMALIKA with hot water? (*Exeunt ambo.*)

End of the Vishkambha

(*Then enters a pupil who has just arisen from sleep*)

PUPIL: I have been commanded by the venerable Kasyapa who has returned from the journey, to find out what time it is. So, I shall go to the open area and see how much of the night is remaining over. (*Walking about, and seeing.*) O! it is (already) morning. For,

The lord of herbs (the moon) descends towards the western mount in one quarter, while in another, there is the Sun having before him Aruna who has manifest himself (already). (Thus) by the simultaneous rise and fall of the two luminaries, the people are taught as it were, a lesson about the vicissitudes of life. [**2**]

Moreover,

The moon having set, the moon-lotus gives no delight to the eye, as its beauty is only to be memorised; the distress of the weaker sex, resulting from the staying away of their lovers, is really very hard to bear. [**3**]

(*Entering with a toss of the curtain*) 46

ANASUYA: Although these things are unknown to (us) persons, averse to the affiairs of love, still (I think) the king has treated Sakuntala in an unworthy manner.

PUPIL: Now I shall report to the preceptor that the sacrificial hour has come. (*Exit*)

ANASUYA: Being already awake, what shall I do? My hands and feet do not move to attend to their normal duties!

Now, let the Love-god be gratified, as he made our pure-minded friend trust a perfidious person. Or, it is Durvasa's curse that is working the evil. Otherwise, how could that saintly king profess so much then and send not even a letter all these days? Therefore, we have to send him the ring he left as a token. But who is to be requested among these hermits leading a life of hardship? Though I make up my mind, as the fault lies with my friend, I am quite unable to inform father Kashyapa who has returned from the journey, that Sakuntala is married to Dushyanta and is pregrant. Under such circumstances what have we to do?

(*Entering*) PRIYAMVADA: (*Joyfully*) Hurry up friend, hurry up! to perform the auspicious function preparatory to Sakuntala's departure.

47 ANASUYA: Friend, how comes this?

PRIYAMVADA: Listen. I just went to Sakuntala to enquire if she had slept well.

ANASUYA: And then?

PRIYAMVADA: Just then, as she hung her face through shame, father Kashyapa embracing her congratulated thus; —Fortunately, the offering of the sacrificer has fallen right on the fire, though his eyes were obscured by smoke! My child, you are now such that cannot be regretted, like education which is imparted to a worthy pupil. This very day. I shall send you to your husband, with an escort of hermits."

ANASUYA: But, by whom was the matter reported to father Kashyapa?

PRIYAMVADA: By a heavenly voice reciting a verse, as he entered the Fire-sanctuary.

ANASUYA: What was it (the verse)?

PRIYAMVADA: (*Speaking in Sanskrit*)

Know, o Brahman, that your daughter bears within her the lustrous seed deposited by Dushyanta for the prosperity of the earth, like the Sami tree pregnant with Fire. [4]

ANASUYA: (*Hugging Priyamavada*) Friend, I am very glad. But, the joy I feel is not unmixed with sorrow, as Sakuntala is going to be taken away this very day.

PRIYAMVADA: Friend, we shall some-how get over the 48
sorrow. Let the poor girl be happy.

ANASUYA: Well then, in that cocoanut (shaped) casket suspended on that mango-branch, I have deposited for this very purpose a Kesara-garland which can keep fresh for any time. You take that in your hand; while I too will get yellow pigment, holy clay and tender Durva grass, for her auspicious cosmetics.

PRIYAMVADA: Yes; do so.

(*Exit* ANASUYA. PRIYAMVADA *takes the flowers.*)

(*Behind the curtain*) Gautami, bid Sarngarava and others to escort (take) Sakuntala.

PRIYAMVADA: (*Listening*) Hurry up Anasuya, hurry up. Here, the hermits who are to go to Hastinapura are being called.

(*Entering with cosmetics in hand*) ANASUYA: Friend, come along, we'll go. (*Both walk about.*)

PRIYAMVADA: (*Looking*) There, Sakuntala, having taken a full bath (over head) early at sunrise, is being congratulated by the hermit women with wild-rice in their hands, wishing her happiness. Let us approach her. (*Both go near*)

(*Then enters as described, Sakuntala seated*).

ONE OF THE HERMIT-WOMEN: (*To Sakuntala*) Child, may you obtain the little of 'CHIEF QUEEN' indicating your husband's esteem for you!

[6]

ANOTHER HERMIT-WOMAN: My child, may you become the mother of a hero!

A THIRD HERMIT-WOMEN: Child, may you be much esteemed by your husband!

(*Having blessed thus, exeunt all except Gautami.*)

THE TWO FRIENDS: (*going near*) Friend, may you have all happiness!

SAKUNTALA: Welcome, both of you friends. Please sit here.

BOTH: (*Taking up the vessels of auspicious articles and sitting.*) Friend, be steady; we will anoint you with the auspicions unguent.

SAKUNTALA: I ought to be grateful for even this. For hereafter it will be difficult to get adorned by my friends.

(*Sheds tears*)

BOTH: Dear, it is not proper for you to weep on an auspicious occasion. (*Wiping off her tears, adorn her.*)

PRIYAMVADA: Your beauty deserving ornaments is being insulted by decorations (easily) obtained in the hermitages.

(TWO YOUNG HERMITS *entering with presents in hand*).

BOTH: Here are ornaments; let the lady be adorned.

(*All see and are astonished.*)

GAUTAMI: Child Narada, whence this?

5Q FIRST HERMIT: From the power of father Kashyapa.

GAUTAMI: Is it then a creation of his mind?

SECOND HERMIT: No, no; listen, please. We were asked by the venerable sage to gather flowers from the trees for Sakuntala. And then,

One tree put forth an auspicious moon-white silk garment and another gave lac-dye suited for the feet; through others, ornaments were presented by the hands of the sylvan goddesses, extending as far as to the wrists and vying with the flowering twigs. [5]

PRIYAMVADA : (*Looking at Sakuntala*) Dear, the royal fortune you have to enjoy in your husband's house is indicated by this gracious favour. (*Sakuntala shows bashfulness*)

FIRST HERMIT : Gautama, come along. We will report this favour of the trees to Kashyapa who has gone down (to the river) for bathing.

SECOND HERMIT : Yes. (*Exeunt ambo.*)

THE TWO FRIENDS : My dear, we do not know how to use ornaments. But, by our knowledge of painting, we will adorn your limbs with the ornaments.

SAKUNTALA : I am aware of your skill. (BOTH *adorn her*)

(*Then enters* KASHYAPA *after bathing*).

KASHYAPA ;

At the thought that Sakuntala goes today, my heart is touched with sorrow; the throat is choked with the suppression of the tears gushing out; the eye has become heavy through care; if indeed such is the distress through affection, even to me a forest dweller, how bitterly indeed are householders afflicted by the first pangs of separation from their daughters. [**6**] 51

(*Walks about*)

THE TWO FRIENDS : Dear Sakuntala, your decoration is over. Now wear this pair of silk-garments.

(*Sakuntala rises and puts them on.*)

GUATAMI : Child, here has come your father embracing you as it were with his eyes shedding (tears of) joy ; just do him obeisance.

SAKUNTALA ; (*Bashfully*) Father, I salute you.

KASHYAPA : Child,

Be (the) esteemed (wife) of your husband just as Sarmishtha was of Yayathi ; and (you) also obtain a son (destined to be) an emperor, as she obtained Puru. [**7**]

GAUTAMI: Venerable sir, this is indeed a boon and no blessing.

KASHYAPA: Child, this way go round the fires to which a scrifice has been offered. (*All walk round*)

KASHYAPA: (*Blesses her with a Rgvedic Verse.*)

These fires bearing sacrificial sticks, to which seats are assigned round the altar, at whose margins the darbha grass is piled, and which drive away evil by the sacrificial odours, — may these fires protect you. [8]

Now you (may) start. (*Glancing about*) Where are those Sarngarava and others?

(*Entering*) PUPILS: Holy sir, here we are.

KASHYAPA: Lead the way to your sister.

52 SARNGARAVA: This way, this way, respected lady.

(*All walk about*)

KASHYAPA: O! Ye trees of the penance grove here!

This Sakuntala, who would not drink water first before you were watered; who although fond of ornaments would not pluck your sprouts out of affection for you; to whom the occasion of your blossoming for the first time was a great festivity;—she is now going to her husband's house. May you all permit her. [9]

(*Listening to the song of a cuckoo.*)

The trees, that were Sakuntala's companions in the forest life, have permitted her going, in as much as they have answered thus through the sweet notes of the cuckoo. [10]

(*In the air*)

May her path be happy, having at intervals delightful lakes green with lotus beds, having the heat of the Sun mitigated by the shady trees, and having a gentle and favourable breeze with its dust as soft as the lotus polllen. [11]

(*All listen with astonishment.*)

GAUTAMI: Child, the fairies of the penance grove full of affection like kinsmen have consented to your departure. Do obeisance to the holy ones.

SAKUNTALA: (*With a bow, walking about; aside*) Dear Priyamvada, although I long to see my husband, my feet hardly move forward, as I am leaving the hermitage.

PRIYAMVADA: My friend is not the only one that is uneasy 53
at the separation from the hermitage. See how equally uneasy, even the hermitage looks at your separation.

The deer have dropped down the cuds of darbha grass; the peacocks have given up dancing; and the creepers with their faded leaves withering away look as though shedding tears. [**12**]

SAKUNTALA: (*Remembering*) Papa, I will just take leave of my creeper-sister Vanajyotsna.

KASYAPA: I know your love for it. Here, it is to our right.

SAKUNTALA: (*Going near and embracing the creeper*) Vanajyotsna, although you are united with the Sahakara, embrace me too with your arms, these branches that extend this way. This day onwards, I shall be far away from you.

KASHYAPA: You have, by your merits, found a husband worthy of you, and since long sought by me (for you); this Navamalika (too) has united herself with the mango; (hence) I am now freed of auxiety for you and her. [**13**]

Now start on your journey.

SAKUNTALA: (*To her two friends*) Dear friends, I entrust this (creeper) to the care of you both.

THE TWO FRIENDS: And to whose care do you entrust us? (*Both shed tears.*)

KASHYAPA: Anasuya, do not weep, It is you both that 54
should cheer up Sakuntala. (*All walk about*)

SAKUNTALA; Papa, here is this doe moving about in the vicinity of the hermitage, slowly, being pregnant; when it becomes a happy mother, you will send some one to give me the good news.

KASHYAPA: We won't forget this.

SAKUNTALA: (*Faltering at a step*) who is it here that pulls my dres? (*Turns round.*)

KASHYAPA: Child!

It is the fawn, your adopted son, whom you brought up tenderly with handfuls of Shyamaka grains, and whose mouth, when torn by the points of the grass, you soothed with Ingudi oil; it does not leave your path. [**14**]

SAKUNTALA: My child! Why do you follow me now that I am forsaking your company? You were reared up even without your mother who died soon after giving birth to you. Now, though you are separated from me, father will look after you. Please, go back. (*Walks away, weeping.*)

KASHYAPA: With firmness, check the flow of tears that dim your eyes possessing long eyelashes; for, your steps are stumbling on the path, as the ups and downs of the ground here are not noticed (by you). [**15**]

55 SARNGARAVA: Holy sir, the *Sru'is* say that we should follow persons dear to us only as far as the water-side. And here is the side of a lake. Pray give us your commands here and return.

KASHYAPA: Then let us resort to the shade of the Kshira (milk) tree. (*All walk and stop there*)

KASHYAPA: (*To himself*) What message would befit me, to send to Dushyanta? (*He reflects.*)

SAKUNTALA: (*Aside*) Friend, look there. The female Chakravaka bird is crying out bitterly that she is (doing a

painful thing) very miserable, not seeing her mate who is concealed just behind a lotus leaf.

ANASUYA: Friend, do not think so.

Even she, separated from her mate, passes the night very long on account of grief. However bitter the grief of separation, the bond of hope makes it endurable. [**16**]

KASHYAPA: Sarngarava, you have to address that king, presenting before him Sakuntala, with these words of mine.

SARNGARAVA: Pray command, holy sir.

KASHYAPA: Well remebering me rich in restraint, the very high race of your own, and the spontaneous love this girl hasshown towards you, not at all at the instigation of her kinsmen, you should look upon her with the same regard as you have for your other wives. Beyond this rests with destiny, and the bride's relations should not ask for all that. [**17**]

SARNGARAVA: We have grasped the message.

KASHYAPA: My child! I have to advise you now. Though 56
we are forest-dwellers, we have some worldly knowledge.

SARNGARAVA: Indeed, nothing is beyond the range of the wise.

KASHYAPA: And you, after going from here to your husband's home,

Obey your elders; behave as a friend towards your rival-wives; never go against your husband, in your anger, even when offended by him; be mostly courteous towards the attendants; do not be insolent when Fortune smiles; thus, young girls rise to the position of a house-wife. And those to the contrary are banes of the family. [**18**]

But, what does Gautami say?

GAUTAMI: This is sufficient advice to a maiden. My child, bear all this in your mind.

KASHYAPA: Child, embrace me and the friends.

SAKUNTALA: Father, will my friends Priyamvada and Anasuya return even from here?

KASHYAPA: My girl, they too are to be given away in marriage, some day. Therefore, it is not advisable for them to go there (to the palace). Gautami will go with you.

SAKUNTALA: (*Embracing the father*) How can I live hereafter in a strange place, removed away from the lap of my father, like the sandal-creeper pulled out from the slopes of the Malaya?

KASHYAPA: Why are you so distressed, my child?

Placed in the covetable position of the wife of a noble husband, being distracted every minute by his deeds notable because of his greatness, and before long having given birth to a worthy son, just as the East brings forth the Sun, o my daughter! you will not mind the grief caused by separation from me. [**19**]

57 (*Sakuntala falls at the feet of her father.*)

KASHYAPA: May all that be yours, which I desire for you.

SAKUNTALA: (*Going near the two Friends*) Dear friends, embrace me together, both of you.

THE TWO FRIENDS: (*Doing so*) Friend, if the king be slow to recognize you, show him this ring which is engraved with his own name.

SAKUNTALA: At this doubt of yours, I shudder!

THE TWO FRIENDS: Do not fear! Excessive love suspects evil.

SARNGARAVA: The Sun has gone up (to the second division of the sky). Please hasten, good lady.

SAKUNTALA: (*Standing looking at the hermitage,*) Father, when again shall I see the penance grove?

KASHYAPA: Listen, my daughter!

Having remained for a long time as the fellow-wife of the Earth marked by four ends (of the quarters or oceans), having installed your child Dushyanta's son, an unrivalled warrior, (on the throne), and having entrusted him with the burden of the family (rule), with your husband you will again set foot in this peaceful hermitage. [**20**]

GAUTAMI: My girl, the hour of your departure is passing by. Send back your father. Nay, she would go on talking like this for any length of time. Hence, pray turn back, sir,

KASHYAPA: Child, the religious duties are being delayed.

SAKUNTALA: (*Again embracing the father.*) Your body, 58
my father, is already worn out by the practice of penance. Hence, do not grieve much for me.

KASHYAPA: (*With a sigh*) My child, how can my sorrow cease while I see the Neevara grains (seeds) offered by you before, growing at the cottege door? [**21**]

Go; may the path be happy to you!

(*Exeunt* SAKUNTALA *and escort.*)

THE TWO FRIENDS: (*Looking at* SAKUNTALA) Alas! Alas! Sakuntala is concealed behind the forest grove.

KASHYAPA: (*Sighing*) Anasuya, your companion is gone! Suppress your grief and both of you follow me going back.

BOTH: Father, how shall we enter the penance grove empty as it looks without Sakuntala?

KASHYAPA: Love sees things thus. (*Walking thoughtfully.*) I am glad! Having sent Sakuntala to her husband's home, I am now myself. For,

A girl is indeed the property of another; having sent her to her husband now, my inner soul feels quite relieved, as if having restored the pledge of another to its owner. [**22**]

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

End of the Fourth Act.

59

ACT V.

(*Then enters the King seated and the Vidushaka.*)

VIDUSHAKA : (*Listening*) O Friend, lend your ear to the interior of the Music hall. I hear combined notes of an indistinct but sweet song. I think her lady-ship Hamsapadika is practising the notes.

KING : Keep quiet, I shall listen.

(*A song in the air.*)

O Bee ! you are ever longing for fresh honey, and having so kissed the mango filament, how is it that you have now forgotten it being contented with a mere lodging in the lotus ? [1]

KING : Oh ! what a nice song overflowing with melody !

VIDUSHAKA : But, have you grasped the meaning of the words of the song ?

KING : (*Smiling*) This Hamsapadika was only once made love to; so, I understand that it is a taunt from her to me, with a reference to Queen Vasumati. Friend Madhavya, say to Hamsapadika in my name, that I am cleverly rebuked,

VIDUSHAKA : As your Majesty commands. (*Rising*) Friend, there is no libeartion to me now, as to an ascetic seized by an Apsaras, as I will be seized by my tuft by her and be beaten at the hands of others.

KING : Communicate it to her in a civil manner.

VIDUSHAKA : What other go is there ? [*Exit*)

60 KING : (*To himself*) On hearing a song with such an import why, indeed, am I so deeply anxious even though I am not separated from any beloved person ? Or,

When a being, although happy, becomes melancholy on seeing charming things and hearing sweet sounds, then surely, he recalls to his mind, unconsciously at first, the associations of a past life which are permanent by reason of deep love. [2]

(*Stands bewildered*)

(*Entering*) CHAMBERLAIN : Alas ! To what a miserable state have I been reduced !

This very staff, which I once bore for the sake of custom in the apartments of the royal harem, has now after the lapse of a long time, has become to serve as a support to me, whose steps are tottering while walking. [3]

True that His majesty should not delay performing his duty. Yet, I am not willing to report the arrival of the pupils of Kanva, to the king who has just left the seat of justice, as it will detain him (again). Or rather, the office of governing the people allows no rest. For,

The Sun yokes his horses once for all: the wind blows day and night; Shesha bears the burden of the earth for ever; and such is the duty of the king who maintains his kingship by claiming the sixth portion (of the produce of land). [4]

I shall, therefore, do my duty. (*Walking about and looking*. Here is his Majesty.

Even after governing the subjects as his own sons, he seeks solitude only with a mind not quite satisfied, just as a tusker heated by the Sun in the day, resorts to a cool place after having led his herds. [5]

(*Going near*) Victory, victory to my lord ! Here are hermits, who dwell in the woods at the foot of the Himalayas, come with women, and they have for you a message from Kashyapa. Knowing this, your Majesty shall decide what is to be done with regard to them.

King: (*Eagerly*) Have they brought a message from 61
Kashyapa ?

CHAMBERLAIN : Yes, sir.

C 2188

KING : Then, request my preceptor Somarata in my name to receive these hermits in the manner prescribed by the Srutis, and to conduct them in, himself. I too shall await them here in a place suited to interview the hermits.

CHAMBERLAIN : As your Majesty commands. (*Exit*)

KING : (*Rising*) Vetravati, lead me to the Fire-sanctuary.

PORTRESS : This way, this way your Majesty.

KING : (*Walks about ; betraying the cares of office*) Every being feels happy on obtaining the desired object; but, the fulfilment of the desires of a king has only unhappiness to succeed it. (Thus)

The fulfilment of one's desires quiets only the longing, while the task of retaining the possessions troubles (the person). Hence the kingdom, like an umbrella the staff of which is held in the hand, is not so much to remove fatigue as to cause fatigue. [**6**]

(*Behind the curtain*) TWO BARDS : Victory to your Majesty !

FIRST BARD : Unmindful of your own happiness, you toil daily for the sake of the people. Nay, such indeed is your life. For, the tree bears the fierce Sun on its head and removes the fatigue of men resting beneath it, with its shade. [**7**]

SECOND BARD : With the royal rod you check those who set out in wrong ways. You put down strife and give us security. Wealth being in plenty, one can have any number of relations. But, in you are consummated the duties of relatives towards all the subjects. [**8**]

62 KING : I was wearied in mind ; but now, I have become quite fresh. (*Walks about*)

PORTRESS : Here is the elevated verandah of the Fire-Sanctuary beautiful as it has been recently swept, having

nearby the cow yielding milk for the Sacrifices. Ascend it, your Majesty.

KING: (*Ascends leaning on the shoulder of the attendant and stands*) Vetravati, what might be the purpose with which these hermits are sent to me by the venerable Kashyapa ?

Could it be that the penance of the desciplined persons practising penance, has been disturbed by obstacles ? Or, has any wrong been done by some one to the beasts that roam about the pious groves ? Or, is it that the plants have ceased to blossom by any of my abuse of power ? With these various doubts my mind is puzzled through indecision. [**9**]

PORTREES : I imagine that the hermits pleased with your good rule, have come to congratulate your Majesty.

(*Then enter the* HERMITS *with* GAUTAMI; *Before them, also the* CHAMBERLAIN *and the* PRECEPTOR.)

CHAMBERLAIN : This way, this way, sirs.

SARNGARAVA : Saradvata,

Verily this king, noble as he is, never leaves the virtuous path. Among the varnas none, however low he be, ever comits a shameful deed. Yet, as my mind is long accustomed to seclusion, I look upon this place thronged with men as a house lapped about with (the flames of) fire. [**10**]

SARADVATA : It is rightly that you have become such, entering into the City. I too,

Look upon the men here addicted to pleasure, just as one 63
who has bathed looks upon another who is smeared with oil, as a pure man views the impure one, as a man awake views him who is asleep, and as a free man looks upon one in bondage. [**11**]

SAKUNTALA : (*Observing an evil omen*) Oh ! why does my right eye throb ?

GAUTAMI : Let the evil be averted, my child ! And let the guardian deities of your husband's home shower on you happiness ! (*Walks about*).

PRECEPTOR : (*Poin'ing to the king*) O hermits, here His Majesty, the protector of all the classes and orders, awaits you, having already arisen from his seat. Behold him !

SARNGARAVA : O great brahmin, that indeed is praise-worthy; but we are indifferent with regard to it. For,

Trees, laden with fruits, bend down to the earth; clouds with fresh water hang a long way down; good men are not made insolent by riches; this is only the nature of the benevolent. [**12**]

PORTRESS : Your Majesty, they appear bright with a happy countenance. I think they have come with an errand of which they are quite hopeful.

King : (*Looking at* SAKUNTALA) And this lady ?

Who could she be, covered with a veil, the beauty of her complexion not being visible clearly, in the midst of these ascetics like a tender leaf amidst dead ones ? [**13**]

PORTRESS : Your Majesty, my conjecture being full of curiosity does not go far, though employed. But her form appears to be worth looking at.

KING : Enough. It is hot proper to gaze at another's wife.

64 SAKUNTALA : (*Laying her hand on her breast; to herself*) O heart, why do you tremble so ?Just remember my lord's deep love and be brave.

PRECEPTOR ; (*Going forward*) Here are the hermits who have been honoured in the prescribed form. There is a message from their teacher. May your Majesty be pleased to hear it.

KING : I am all attention.

HERMITS : (*Raising their hands*) Be victorious, O king!

KING : I bow to you all.

HERMITS : Obtain the object you desire!

KING : Are the sages undisturbed in their penance ?

HERMITS : While you are the defender of the good, whence could there be disturbance to pious duties ? While the bright-rayed Sun shines, how could darkness prevail ? [**14**]

KING : My royal title is indeed significant. Well; Is the holy Kashyapa in health, to bless the world ?

HERMITS : Persons possessing mystic powers, have their health under their own control. With inquiries about your good health, he sends you this message.

KING : What does the holy sage command ?

SARNGARAVA : Since you married this daughter of mine by mutual agreement, I have approved of it loving you both. For,

You are known to us as the foremost among the worthy, and Sakuntala is a virtuous observance incarnate. (Thus) wedding together a bride and a bridegroom of equal merits, the Creator has, after a long time, not deserved censure [**15**]

Hence, now please accept her, who is with child, to perform religious duties jointly. 65

GAUTAMI : Good sir, I should like to say something; but there is no scope for me to speak. For,

You as well as she did neither wait for elders nor ask the relatives ; as the matter concerns yourselves alone, what can I say to either of you with regard to the other ?[**16**]

SAKUNTALA : (*To herself*) What will my husband say ?

KING : What is this insinuation ?

SAKUNTALA : (*To herself*) The utterance of (this) statement is indeed, fire itself !

SARNGARAVA : How indeed is this ? You are yourself quite conversant with worldly affairs.

People suspect a married woman, though she be virtuous, if she resides exclusively in her kinsmen's home. Hence, a young woman is desired by her relatives to be near her husband, to whom she may or may not be dear. [**17**]

KING : What, did I ever marry this lady ?

SAKUNTALA : (*Sadly, to herself*) O my heart ! Your suspicion has come out true !

SARNGARAVA : Is this disregard of duty out of disgust for a deed committed, worthy of a King ?

KING : Why this question with a false supposition ?

SARNGARAVA : In men drunk with power, such treachery generally prevails. [**18**]

KING : I am grossly rebuked !

66 GAUTAMI : My child, do not feel shy for a moment. I shall just remove your veil. Then, your husband will know you. (*Does so.*)

KING : (*Observing* SAKUNTALA, *to himself*).

Not deciding whether this beauty of unimpaired loveliness, which has come to me thus, was before accepted or not (in marriage) by me, I am able neither to enjoy it nor to reject it, like a bee (which hesitates to taste) a Kunda flower full of dew in its interior at dawn. [**19**]

(*Remains pondering*)

PORTRESS : Oh ! how high my lord's regard for Dharma ? Having beheld such a beauty, come so easily, would any one else hesitate ?

SARNGARAVA: O king, why are you silent ?

KING: O hermits ! Although I think deeply, I do not really remember marrying this lady. How then, shall I accept her, suspecting that I am her nominal husband, when she has clear signs of being with child ?

SAKUNTALA: (*Aside*) The good man doubts even our marriage. Wherefore then, this far-rising hope of mine ?

SARNGARAVA: No; (do not say so,) please.

You may as well scorn the sage who approved of his daughter seduced by you, and who, by returning to you his own thing stolen (by yourself), has treated you as a thief. [**20**]

SARADVATA: Sarngarava, enough now. Sakuntala, we 67
have said what we had to say. And his Majesty here, speaks thus. So please answer him.

SAKUNTALA: (*Aside*) what is the good of reminding him when such love (of his) has been reduced to this changed condition ? It is now settled that I am (my self, to be miserable (*Aloud*) My lord, — (*stopping in the middle*). This cannot be the form (of address) when the marriage itself is doubted. Paurava, is it proper for you to reject me now with such words, having so enticed me, simpleminded by nature, with an agreement in the hermitage, before ?

KING: (*Covering his ears*) God forbid the untoward event !

Why do you attempt to stain (your honour) and to debase this person (i. e. myself) just as a river that scrapes away the banks, proceeds to make its clear water turbid and to pull down the tree on its banks ? [**21**]

SAKUNTALA: Well, if you have so acted really suspecting me to be another's wife, then, I will remove your doubts by this token.

SAKUNTALA: (*Touching the* (*ring*) *finger*) Alas ! Oh ! My finger is without the ring ! (*Looks sadly at* GAUTHAMI.)

GAUTAMI : (Then,) Your ring must have fallen (down) while you bowed to the water Sachitirtha in Sakravatara.

68 KING : (*With a smile*) This is what they call, Ready wit of woman kind !

SAKUNTALA : Destiny has shown its power in this. I shall tell you of another (incident).

King : Now it has become a thing to be heard !

SAKUNTALA : One day in the Navamalika bower, you were holding in your hand, water in a cup of lotus-leaf;—you know.

KING : Let me hear you (fully).

SAKUNTALA : At that moment that fawn named Dirghapanga, my adopted son, came there. Then saying — "Let him drink first" you coaxed him with water, taking pity on him. Not being familiar to you, he did not come near your hand. But when I took the same water into my hands, he liked it afterwards. Then you smiled and remarked — Every one trusts his own kindred. Both of you are foresters'.

KING : Lustful men are enticed by such and other words honeyed but full of flalse-hood, of women serving for their own purpose.

GAUTAMI : Good sir, you should not speak so. This person (Sakuntala) has been brought up fn a hermitage and she knows not to deceive.

KING : Old hermit lady !

69 The untaught cunning of the females ex is seen even in the females of beings lower than the human ; how much more then is it in women endo wed with intellect ? As a matter of fact the cuckoos have their eggs hatched and reared up by other birds until they fly into the skies. [22]

SAKUNTALA : (*Angrilg*) Wretch ! you view (me) by what your mind infers. Would any one else act fike you, covered with the garb of virtue just as a well is with grass ?

KING: (*To himself*) Making me doubtful in mind, her anger seems to be free of fraud. For, by her—

The bow of the Love god has been snapped asunder as it were, by the lady with her eyes excessively red and her curved eye-brows contracted with great wealth towards me who has not admitted the love contracted in private and whose feelings (towards her) are hardened owing to forgetfulness. [**23**]

(*Aloud*) Good lady, Dushyanta's conduct is well known, but yet I do not see this.

SAKUNTALA: Well then, I have been made a licentious woman, as I fell into the hands of this man having a honeyed face but a venomous heart, through confidence in his ancestry of Puru!

(*Weeps covering her face with the end of her garment*).

SARNGARAVA: Thus does unheeded levity burn.

Therefore, a union, especially with a secret mate should be made after careful consideration. Love turns into enmity thus, with those whose hearts are not known (to each other). [**24**]

KING: Oh sir, why do you attack me with censuring words, merely trusting this lady? 70

SARNGARAVA: (*Scornfully*) You have taken it reversely.

The words of one who has never learnt to lie since her birth, are unreliable! But the who study as a lore the art of deceiving others (enemies), may verily be speakers of truth! [**25**]

KING: O Speaker of truth! suppose I were to admit all this. What do I gain after all by deceiving this lady?

SARNGARAVA: Ruin.

KING: It is unbelievable that the Pauravas court ruin.

SARADVATA: Sarngarava, why reply? The order of the preceptor has been carried out. Let us go back, (*To the* KING)

This is here your wife; take her or abandon her. For, authority over a wife in every respect, is justifiable. (**26**)

Go forward, GAUTAMI. (*They all start.*)

SAKUNTALA. How, I have been deceived by this villain and you too desert me ! (*Starts to follow them.*)

GAUTAMI: (*Halting*) Sarngarava, my lad, Sakuntala here weeping piteously is following us. What can my poor girl do when her husband has been cruel to reject her?

SARNGARAVA: (*Turning angrily*) You self-willed girl, how dare you assume independence? (SAKUNTALA *shrinks in fear.*)

SARNGARAVA: (Listen,) Sakuntala.

71 If you are as the King says, what has your father to do with you, a disgrace to his family? But, if you know that your conduct has been pure, even servitute in your husband's house should be endurable. [**27**]

Stay; We will go.

KING: O hermit, why do you delude this lady?

The moon awakens only the lotuses of the night, the sun those of the day only; The attitude of the men of restraint is always averse to embrace another's wife. [**28**]

SARNGARAVA: But, if you have forgotten your past action in the midst of other occupations, how can you claim to be fearful of sin?

KING: I ask *you* which is the heavier sin and which the lighter, here ?

In the indecision that I might have forgotten or that she might be speaking a lie, shall I abandon my wife or stain myself by the contact of another's wife? [**29**]

PRECEPTOR: (*Considering*) Then, please do like this.

KING: Instruct me, revered sir.

PRECEPTOR: Let the lady remain in my house until the child is born. If you ask — 'why?', (this is my answer). You have been foretold by the saints that the first son you

beget will be an emperor. So, if the son of the hermit's daughter be born with imperial marks, you will welcome her and take her into your harem. If it happens otherwise, the only course left will be to take her to her father.

KING: As it pleases the elders.

PRECEPTOR: My child, follow me.

SAKUNTALA: Mother earth, open for me a chasm.

(*Starts weeping, and exit with the* PRECEPTOR *and* HER- 72
MITS. *The* KING *ponders over* SAKUNTALA. *with his mind obscured by the curse.*)

(*Behind the curtain*) Wonder! A wonder!

KING: (*Listening*) What indeed could it be?

(*Entering*) PRECEPTOR: (*With astonishment*) My lord, a great miracle has happened!

KING: What?

PRECEPTOR: Your Majesty, when Kanva's pupils returned, the poor girl began to weep tossing up her arms and cursing her fate.

KING: And then?

PRECEPTOR: And a luminous thing in woman's form seized her near the APSARASTIATHA and vanished straight. [**30**]

(*All show astnnishment.*)

KING: Revered sir, we have already rejected it even before. So why speculate in vain? Please, do not worry.

PRECEPTOR: (*Observing*) Be victorious. (*Exit*).

KING: Vetravati, I am bewildered. Conduct me to my sleeping apartment.

PORTRESS: This way, this way, my lord! (*Starts*)

KING: In fact I do not at all remember marrying the hermits daughter repudiated by me. Yet my heart, sorely afflicted, pursuades me to believe, as it were. [**31**]

Exeunt Omnes.

End of the Fifth Act.

ACT VI.

73 (*Then enter the* KING'S BROTHER-IN-LAW *i. e*, THE MAYOR, *and* TWO GUARDS *leading a man with hands cuffed behind his back.*)

THE TWO GUARDS: (*Beating the man*) You thief! Tell us where you found this royal ring with his name engraved on the gem set in it.

MAN: (*Showing fear*) Be gracious, kind gentlemen, I am not guilty of such a deed.

FIRST GUARD: Then did the king make a present of it to you, taking you to be a pious brahmin?

MAN: Now, listen sirs. I am a fisher-man living near SAKRAVATARA.

SECOND GUARD: Robber, did we question your caste?

MAYOR (KING'S BROTHEA-IN-LAW): Suchaka, let him tell every thing, straight. Do not interrupt him.

BOTH: As the Royal Brother-in-law commands. Speak on.

MAN: I support my family by such means of catching fish as nets, hooks and other things.

MAYOR: (*Laughing*) A pious profession indeed!

MAN: My master, don't say so.

One cannot give up his ancestral profession however low it be; a learned brahmin though cruel enough in slaughtering the sacrificial animal, is yet the tenderest with mercy. [1]

74 MAYOR: Then?

MAN: One day, I cut a red-fish into pieces. When I looked at the interior of its maw, I found this ring bright with the gem. Then, while showing this to sell, I was caught by you kind gentlemen. Now kill me or leave me. That is how I got it.

MAYOR: Januka, smelling raw meat, there is no doubt, he is a fisherman, a devourer of crocodiles. But we should

inquire into his showing the ring (for sale); so we will go straight to the palace.

GUARDS: Well sir, walk on, you cutpurse! (*All walk round.*)

MAYOR: Suchaka, carefully guard this man here at the tower gate, until I come out with orders from the King, having reported to him about this ring as it has come (to be found).

BOTH: The royal brother-in-law may go in to enjoy the good grace of his Majesty. (*Exit Mayor.*)

FIRST GUARD: Januka, the royal brother-in-law is taking a long time.

SECOND GUARD: Yes, Kings are to be approached at hours (convenient to them).

FIRST GUARD: Januka, my hands throb (long) to tie on him the garland for his execution. (*Points to the man.*)

MAN: Kind master, it is not right for you to be the killer of a man, without cause.

SECOND GUARD: (*Beholding*) Here is seen our master 75
facing this way and with a written order from his Majesty. You will either be a prey to the vultures or see the face of a dog.

(*Entering*) MAYOR: Suchaka, release this fisherman. His getting the ring is quite all right.

SUCHAKA: As the royal brother-in-law commands. He has come back after entering the abode of Death.

(*Frees the man from bonds.*)

MAN: (*Bowing to the Mayor*) Sir, I owe you my life.

MAYOR: Here, his Majesty has also ordered a present worth as much as the ring, to be given you.

(*Gives a present to the man.*)

MAYOR: (*Receiving it with a bow,*) Sir, I am obliged,

SUCHAKA: Indeed he is much obliged because he is now just like a man who is taken from the stake and put on an elephants' back.

JANUKA: Sir, the present tells that the ring must have been very much liked by the King.

MAYOR: I think that the precious gem in it was not what was esteemed by his Majesty. On seeing it his Majesty remembered some person dear to him. Although he is usually grvae, his eyes were filled with tears for a while.

76 SUCHAKA: Then, your honour has indeed rendered him a service.

JANUKA: Nay, you should say —'All for the sake of this. fish-killer. (*Looks enviously at the man-*)

MAN: Masters, let half of this be for buying flowers to you

JANUKA: That much is all right

MAYOR: Fisher-man, you have now become a very great and intimate friend of mine. Our friendship should first have the witness of liquor. Hence, let us go straight to the vintner's tavern.

(*Exeuut ambo.*)

End of the Praveshaka.

(*Then enters by the acrial path, a Apsaras named* SANUMATI)

SANUMATHI: The duty of attending by turns at the Apsarastirtha at the time of the ablution of pious men, has been performed by me. Hence, I shall now see with my own eyes the state of this saintly king. Through her relationship with Menaka, she is to me like my second self. And she has already asked me (to do this) for her daughter's sake. (*Looks*

about.) Though it is now the seasonal festival, why could it be that the palace appears to be without any festive activities. I have the power to know everything by divination. But I must respect the regard of my friend. Well. 77
Making myself invisible by the power of disappearing and standing near these two garden keepers, I shall find it out.

(*Descends to earth.*)

(*Then enters a maid gazing at a mango-sprout, and behind her a second.*)

FIRST MAID: O Mango-twig, so red, green and grey, you are seen as the very life of the vernal season. I adore you, o auspicious sign of the season. [2]

SECOND MAID: O Parabhritika, what are you chirping about all alone?

FIRST MAID: Madhukarika, at the sight of the mango blossom the Parabhritika (lit. cuckoo) of course becomes intoxicated.

SECOND MAID: (*Joyfully approaching.*) What then, has the spring really set in?

FIRST MAID: Madhukaika, the is just the time for you to buzz on, wandering about in craze.

SECOND MAID: Friend, just support me; I shall stand on tip-toe, pluck the mango blossom and offer worship to the Love-god.

FIRST: (I will do so) if half the reward of the worship also goes to me.

SECOND MAID: That will be even without your saying; for, (you know) our life is but one; it is only the body that stands in two forms.

(*Leans on her friend and takes the mango blossom.*) O! the mango blossom is not fully open; yet, it is fragrant as it

has broken the sheath, (*Folding the hands so as to allow a hollow.*)

O Mango-twig, you are offered by me to the Love-god who has taken up his bow; you be the most effective of his five arrows, having for your mark the youthful wives of men travelling abroad. [**3**]

(*She throws the twig.*)

78 (*Entering angrily tossing up the curtain.*)

CHAMBERLAIN: Stop, you thoughtless girl! When the King has forbidden the spring festival, why do you pluck the mango blossom?

BOTH: (*Frightened*) Be pleased sir, we did not know.

CHAMBERLIAN: What! you have not heard the King's command, which is obeyed even by the vernal trees and by the birds that dwell in them. For,

The mango bud, though has sprouted forth since long, does not bear its pollen; the Kurabaka too which has shown itself out, remains in the state of a bud; even though the cold season is gone, the notes of the male-cuckoos falter in their throats; I think even the Love-god puts by, in fear, the arrow he has half drawn from the quiver. [**4**]

SANUMATI: No doubt of it. The saintly king is of great power.

FIRST MAID: Sir, several days have passed since we were sent away from (attending on) the feet of His Majesty, by his Brother-in-law Mitravasu. And here the duty of the well-keeping of the pleasure garden has been entrusted to us. Thus, as we had come away, nothing about this affair was heard by us, before.

CHAMBERLIAN: Well; you must not do so again.

THE TWO MAIDS: Sir, we are curious. If that may be known by us, please tell us, sir. Why is the spring festival forbidden by his Majesty ?

SANUMATHI: People are indeed fond of celebrations. 79
There must be a strong reason.

CHAMBERLIAN: (*To himself.*) It is wide spread; so, why should I not tell it? (*Aloud*) Has not the scandal concerning Sakuntala's rejection reached your ears ?

THE TWO MAIDS: We have heard from the king's brother-in-law, up to the recovery of the ring.

CHAMBERLIAN: Then there is little that remains to be told. Just at the sight of the ring, the king remembered that he had really married that lady Sakuntala secretly and had abanoned her under a delusion; since then, the king is filled with remorse. For,

> He hates everything that is charming; as before, he is not waited upon daily by the subjects; he spends nights sleeplessly tossing on his bed; and when out of courtesy, he addresses the customary words to the ladies of his harem, he blunders in the names and then remains confused with shame for a long time. [5]

SANUMATHI: Good news to me!

CHAMBERLIAN: On account of this distraction of His Majesty, the celebration is forbidden.

THE TWO MAIDS: It is right.

(*Behind the curtain.*) This way, this way, your Majesty.

CHAMBERLIAN: (*Listening*) O! His Majesty comes just this way. Go to attend to your duties.

THE TWO MAIDS: Yes. (*Exeunt ambo.*)

(*Then enters the* KING *in a dress indicative of remorse, with the* VIDUSHAKA *and the* PORTRESS.)

80 CHAMBERLIAN : (*Observing the* KING) Ah ! how charming are the beautiful figures in all states ! Thus, His Majesty has a pleasing appearance, though he is sad. For,

Laying aside all special ornaments, he is wearing only one gold bracelet fixed on his left fore-arm ; his lower lip is made reddish by his sighs ; his eyes are extremely languid because of anxious wakefulness ; and although emaciated, he does not look so by virtue of his magnificent beauty, like a good jem which is rubbed (ground) in the process of polishing. [**6**]

SANUMATHI : (*Observing the* KING) Rightly, indeed, does Sakuntala pine away for him, although she is dishonoured by a rejection !

KING : (*Absorbed in thought, slowly walking.*)

This accursed heart, at first sleeping though roused by my fawn-eyed beloved, is now wakened to experience the grief of remorse. [**7**]

SANUMATI : O Such is the poor girl's fortune !

VIDUSHAKA : (*To himself*) He is again caught by the Sakuntala-malady. I do not know how he will have to be treated !

CHAMBERLIAN : (*Approaching.*) May your Majesty be victorious ! The pleasure garden, your Majesty, has been fully examined. Your Majesty may be pleased to visit its retreats, at pleasure.

KING : Vetravati ; tell the minister Pisuna in my name.— "As I kept awake for a long time (at night), I do not propose to mount the seat of judgement to day. Hence, please send me on paper a memorandum of the business of the citizens considered by you".

PORTRESS : As your Majesty commands. (*Exit*)

81 KING : Vatayana, you too attend to your duty.

CHAMBERKIAN: As your Majesty commands. (*Exit*)

VIDUSHAKA: All the flies have been driven away by you. Now would you amuse yourself in this region of the pleasure garden, delightful as it is cool preventing the heat of the day.

KING: Friend, the proverb 'Misfortunes gather at the weak spot'—is perfectly true. For,

No sooner was this mind of mine freed of the darkness obstructing the remembrance of my love for the sage's daughter, than the mango blossom was fixed to his bow by the Love-god intending to strike at me, o friend! [8]

VIDUSHAKA: Wait a little. I shall destroy with this wooden staff the arrow of the Love-god. (*Raising his staff offers to strike down the mango-blossom*).

KING: (*With a smile.*) Never mind; the brahmin's power seen. Friend, in what place shall I sit and comfort my eyes with the creepers somewhat resembling my beloved?

VIDUSHAKA: Was not Chaturika, your personal attendant, already told by you that you would spend this hour in the Madhavi-bower and that she should bring there the painting of Sakuntala drawn by yourself on a picture-board?

KING: Such is to be the consolation to my heart? Well; lead me to the same place.

VIDUSHAKA: This way, this way your Majesty.

(*Both walk about*; SANUMATI *follows.*)

VIDUSHAKA: Here is the Madhavi creeper, with its jeweled seats, really bidding us welcome as it were, by its appearance charming on account of the flowers. Hence, you may enter 82
and be seated. (*Both enter and sit.*)

SANUMATI: I will hide behind the creepers and just see the painting of my friend. Then, I shall describe to her how variously her husband's love is displayed. (*Stands hiding.*)

KING: Friend, I now remember all the previous incidents relating to Sakuntala. I have already told you (about it). And you were not by my side when I repudiated her, nor did you ever mention her name, before. Like me, had you too forgotten (her) ?

VIDUSHAKA: No, I did not forget. But, having then related to me everything, you still said at the end—"This is a talk in jest and not a fact.' Mudheaded that I was, I took it to be just so. Or rather, destiny is very powerful.

SANUMATHI: So it is, of course.

KING: (*Meditating*) Save me, o friend !

VIDUSHAKA: Oh ! what fs this? Such a thing is not right for you. Good men never allow themselves to be overtaken by grief Even in a tempest are not the mountains steady ?

KING: Friend, thinking of the, pitiful state of my beloved, distressed at the rejection, I am quite forlorn. For, she

83 Tried to go away from here with her people when rejected (by me); she stopped when her father's pupil, equal to the father himself, cried loudly "stop!"; once again at me so heartless, she cast a look bedimmed by the flow of tears ;—and that burns me like a poisonous arrow. [**9**]

SANUMATI: Oh, how distressing even to me, is his anquish ?

VIDUSHAKA: Friend, I think it was only by some heavenly being that her lady-ship was carried away.

KING: Who elsc dare touch her to whom her own husband is god ? In fact, I was told that your friend's mother (lit birth place) was Menaka. Hence my heart thinks that your friend was carried off by Menaka's companions.

SANUMATI: His delusion is astonishing and not (his) recollection !

VIDUSHAKA : If it is so, there is bound to be a union with her, in course of time.

KING : How ?

VIDUSHAKA : You see, the parents cannot long bear to see their daughter in distress resulting from the husband's separation.

KING : Friend,

Whether it was a dream, or a phantom, or a delusion of mind, or the fading phase of a good (fruit) effect, all the same they have passed away never to ruturn. Hopes have always a precipitous fall ! [**10**]

VIDUSHAKA : Nay, do not say so. The ring is in itself a 84
proof that meetings that are bound to take place, happen in an incredible manner.

KING : (*Looking at the ring*) Oh! Here is that ring to be pitied as it fell down from a place (Sakuntala's finger) which is not easy to gain.

O Ring, like mine, your merit is indeed proved to be very little, as you have fallen down having found a seat on her fingers charming with their pink-nails. [**11**]

SANUMATI : It would deserve pity if only it had fallen into others' hands.

VIDUSHAKA : Friend, tell me what happened to place this ring bearing your name, in her hand.

SANUMATI : He has been prompted even by my curiosity.

KING : Listen, please. When I left the penance grove for the capital, my beloved, with tears asked me,—"After how long a time will my lord send me news ?"

VIDUSHAKA : And then ?

KING : Then, by me, fixing this ring on her finger, she was told thus.

"Count everyday one letter of my name on this ring; before you reach the last (letter), my dear, a messenger will go to you to take you into the apartments of my harem." [**12**]

And through loss of remembrance I forgot all that, hard-hearted that I am!

SANUMATI: Even such a charming engagement (regarding the time limit) was frustrated by fate!

85 VIDUSHAKA: But how could it be (found) in the interior of the belly of the red fish cut by the fisherman?

KING: It fell down into the stream of the Gauges, from the hand of your friend (Sakuntala), while she was making an obeisance to Sachitirtha.

VIDUSHAKA: Likely.

SANUMATI: That is why the saintly king, afraid of sin, had a doubt regarding his marriage with poor Sakuntala. But how can it be that such love requires a token of recognition?

KING: I can only reproach this ring!

VIDUEHAKA: (*To himself*) O! He has taken to the path of the mad.

KING: How could you leave that soft and delicate finger, and fall into water?

Or rather,

The inanimate object may notice not virtue, verily; but wherefore was my beloved repudiated by myself? [**13**]

VIDUSHAKA: (*To himself*) How now? I am going to be devoured by hunger!

KING: My darling! Please take pity on me, whose heart is burning with repentance for having abandoned you without reason and show yourself (before me).

(Tossing the curtain, enter CHATURIKA *with a picture-board in hand)*

CHATURIKA: Here is her ladyship in painting. 86

(Shows the picture board.)

VIDUSHAKA: *(Gazing at it)* Very nice, O friend! The representation of feelings is charming because of the sweet sketches! My sight stumbles, as it were, at the depressions and elevations (of the painting.)

SANUMATI: Ah! Such is the skill of the saintly king! It seems as though my friend herself is before me!

KING: Whatever is not fair is deliniated other-wise in a picture, (generally); nevertheless, something of her beauty is brought out by the sketch. [**14**]

SANUMATI: This is natural for love increased by remorse and for a character absent from insolence.

VIDUSHAKA: Friend, now three maidens are seen here, and all are beautiful; among these who is Sakuntala?

SANUMATI: This man with useless eyes. is truly incapable of distinguishing such beauty.

KING: But, which one do you guess?

VIDUSHAKA: I think it is this one here painted by the side of the mango tree, the foliage of which is fresh being watered; she looks a little fatigued with the end of her (braid of) hair from which flowers are dropping as its knot is loosened, with her face on which drops of perspiration have collected, and with her arms drooping very much; — she is Sakuntala. The other two are her friends.

KING: You are clever. (Besides) here is proof of my love.

The impression of my perspiring fingers is seen on the 87
borders of the sketch, as a faint discoloration; and here is to be seen by the rising of the colour, the tear that fell on the cheek (of her). [**15**]

Chaturika, the back-ground is half-sketched. Go, get the brush.

CHATURIKA: Respected Madhavya, please hold the picture board till I come.

KING: I myself will hold it. (*Does so. Exit* PORTRESS.)

KING: (*With a sigh*) Having first rejected my beloved who had come in person, and now having great regard for her, drawn in a picture, I have become, O friend, possessed of a longing for a mirage after passing beyond a river with abundant water, on my way. [**16**]

88 VIDUSHAKA: (*To himself*) His Majesty here, has crossed the river and gone to a mirage, in fact. (*Aloud*) Friend, what more is to be painted here?

SANUMATI: He might be anxious to paint all those spots that my friend loved.

KING: Listen.

The river Malini is to be drawn with pairs of swans resting on its sandy beds; on either side of the river (are to be painted) the hills adjoining the Himalayas with the deer sitting thereon; and under the trees from the branches of which bark dresses are hanging, I wish to draw a doe rubbing her left eye on the horn of a buck. [**17**]

VIDUSHAKA: (*To himself*) So far as I see, he has to fill up the picture with groups of long-bearded hermits.

KING: And friend, another thing; the ornament Sakuntala loved — I have forgotten (to paint).

VIDUSHAKA: What is it?

SANUMATI: Something which befits forest-life, tenderness and her modesty.

KING: I have not painted, O friend, the Sirisha blossom with its stalk fastened over her ear and the filaments hanging down to the cheeks; nor have I drawn between her breasts, the chain of lotus-fibres, soft like the rays of the autumnal moon. [**18**]

VIDUSHAKA: Friend, why does the lady look as if frightened covering her face with (the fore part of) her hand lovely like the petal of a red lotus? (*Observing carefully and marking.*) Ha! Here this whore-son, the bee, the robber of honey, is flying to her lotus face.

KING: Do please drive off the rude creature.

VIDUSHAKA: Being the chastiser of the impudent, *you* should be able to drive it away.

KING: All right, O! you the esteemed guest of the flower-creeper, why do you take the trouble of flying about her?

There your faithful and fondly loving (female bee) mate,
perching on the flower, is awaiting you being thirsty;
and does not taste the honey without you. [19]

SANUMATI: Now, in a gentlemanly way, it has been 89
driven away!

VIDUSHAKA: This class of creatures is obstinate even when prohibited.

KING: So, you do not obey my order! Then hear, now;

O bee, if you should touch my beloved's lip resembling a
BIMBA fruit, sweet as the tender leaf of an uninjured
young plant, and which was kissed by me gently in the
love feasts, I shall have you imprisoned within
the lotus. [20]

VIDUSHAKA: He is not afraid of even such dreadful punishment! (*Laughing to himself.*) He is of course mad. I have also become just the same by his contact. (*Aloud*) Friend, is it not a picture, merely?

KING: How? A picture?

SANUMATI: I understand it, just now. What then of him? He actually experiences what he has drawn.

KING: Friend, what a wicked thing you have done!

Just when I was experiencing the pleasure of seeing her as if she were in person before me, with a heart wholly absorbed in her, you, by reminding me, have again reduced my beloved into a picture! [21]

(*Sheds tears.*)

SANUMATI: This is a strange course of SEPARATION as it has in it an inconsistency between the previous and subsequent conduct.

KING: Friend, how can I suffer this endless grief?

90 Owing to sleeplessness, union with her in a dream is obscured; and the tears do not allow me to see her even drawn in a picture! [22]

SANUMATI: You have wholly wiped off Sakuntala's grief caused by your repudiation of her.

(*Entering*) CHATURIKA: May your Majesty be victorious! I was coming this way holding the brush-box.

KING: And then?

CHATURIKA: In the way, it was siezed away by force by queen Vasumati, accompanied by Taralika, who said—'I shall myself take it to my lord'.

VIDUSHAKA: Fortunately, you were set free!

CHATURIKA: The mantle of the queen was caught on a shrub and while Taralika was freeing it, I stole myself away.

KING: Friend, the queen is coming and looks arrogant with her jealous anger being inflamed; you please take care of this portrait.

VIDUSHAKA: Say "(Take care of) yourself." (*Taking the picture-board and rising.*) If you escape from the deadly venom of your harem (queen), you call for me at the MEGHAPRATICCHANDA palace. (*Exit hurriedly.*)

SANUMATI; Although his heart is fixed on another, he wishes to be courteous to his first queen. This is quite a cold affection (for her).

(*Entering with a letter in hand*) PORTRESS: Victory, 91
victory your Majesty!

KING: Vetravati, didn't you see the queen, on your way?

PRATIHARI: Yes. Seeing me with a letter in hand she, returned.

KING: Knowing what duty is, she avoids interrupting me in business.

PORTRESS: My lord, the minister prays. "As there was much of calculation in respect of the various items of revenue, only one citizen's suit was attended to, which your majesty will find in the memo."

KING: Show the paper, here. (*The* PORTRESS *produces it*).

KING: (*Reading it*) How? The seafaring merchant Dhanamitra died in a ship wreck! Poor fellow, he is childless. Hence his store of wealth has to go to the King — writes the minister. It is dreadful to be childless. Vetravati, he must have had many wives as he had plenty of money. Let it be inquired if any of his wife is with child (pregnant).

PORTRESS: My lord, it has been just reported that his wife, daughter of a merchant of Saketa, has had her Pumsavana celebration.

KING: Then the child (in the womb) is eligible to receive the inheritance. Go; say that to the minister.

PORTRESS: As your majesty commands. (*Starts*).

KING: Come here, please.

PORTRESS: Here I am.

KING: What does it matter whether he has or has not an issue?

Let it be proclaimed that Dushyanta is that kinsman to the 92
subjects, from whatsoever affectionate relative they are
separated, except when it involves sin. [**23**]

PORTRESS: Thus, indeed, it is to be proclaimed. [*Exit and re-enter*) Your Majesty's proclamation was hailed like a timely shower.

KING: (*Heaving a long and hot sigh*) Alas! Thus, the wealth of families made supportless by the failure of issues, will pass to a stranger on the death of the head of the family. The same will be the lot of the riches of the Puru family, when I die.

PORTRESS: God forbid the evil!

KING: Fie on me who despised the good that had approached!

SANUMATI: Undoubtedly, having none but my friend Sakuntala in mind, he has reproached himself.

KING: Although my own self was implanted in her, by me was rejected that virtuous wife, the source of permanance to my family and who was just as the earth which was to yield magnificent fruit, the seed having been sown in proper time. [**24**]

SANUMATI: Now, the continuance of your line will not be interrupted.

CHATURIKA: (*Aside*) Oh! By this account of the merchant, the remorse of the king has been doubled. Bring the respected Madhavya from the ***Meghapratiechanda***, to comfort him.

PORTRESS: A good idea! (*Exit*)

KING: Alas! The ancestors of Dushyanta have mounted upon a doubt. For,

93 "After him, who in our family, will offer us the oblations prepared according to the ŚRUTIS?" — with such thought, the MANES drink of such of the water poured by me, having no projeny, as remains after washing their tears. (*Faints*) [**25**]

CHATURIKA: (*Looking in confusion*) Your Majesty, come to yourself.

SANUMATI: Alas! Alas! Although there is a lamp, he suffers the evil effect of darkness through the fault of the screen. Shall I make him happy, this very moment? No; I have heard from the mouth of Mahendra's mother while comforting Sakuntala, that the gods themselves longing for their share in sacrifices, will so arrange as to cause the king (husband) welcome his true wife, very son. Hence, it is proper to await that time. In the meanwhile, I shall console my dear friend with this account. (*Exit through the air.*)

(*Behind the curtain*) Help! help!

KING: (*Recovering, listening*) Oh! The cry of distress looks as it were of Madhavya! Who is waiting here?

(*Entering*) PORTRESS: (*In haste*) Your Majesty will please protect your friend who is in danger.

KING: By whom is the poor brahmin attacked?

PORTRESS: By some spirit of invisible form, he is seized 94
and placed on the topmost part of the MEGHA-PRATICCHANDA palace.

KING: (*Rising*) Nay, do not say so. Do spirits haunt even my residence? Or rather,

> Day by day, when it is not possible to know my own faults due to carelessness, is there ability in me to know fully as to who among the subjects goes by what path? [**26**]

(*Behind the curtain*) O friend, help! help!

KING: (*Walking about hastily*) Do not fear, friend. (*Behind the curtain.*) (*Again Repeating the same*) How shall I not fear? Here this some one is breaking me into three pieces having bent my neck down, as though I were a sugar-cane!

KING : (*Casting a glance*) Please get the bow.

(*Entering with a bow in hand*) YAVANI : Your Majesty, here is the bow with arm guard. (*The* KING *takes the bow and the arrow.*)

(*Behind the curtain*) Thirsty of the fresh blood of the throat, here I kill you struggling, just as a tiger kills a beast. Now, let Dushyanta holding his bow to remove the fear of the distressed, be your protector. [**27**]

KING : (*Angrily*) How, he points to me. Stay, stay you eater of corpses. You will not live now. (*Stringing the bow*) Vetravati, lead me to the stair-case.

95 PORTRESS : This way, your Majesty. (*All hastily move.*)

KING : (*Looking all round*) This is indeed empty !

(*Behind the curtain*) Help ! help ! I see your Majesty; but you do not see me ! I am now hopeless about my life, like a rat caught by a cat !

KING : O you proud of your power of concealing ! My arrow shall see you. Here I affix that arrow,

Which shall kill you who ought to be killed, and save the brahmin who ought to be saved; for the swan drinks up the milk and leaves behind the water with which it is mixed. [**28**]

(*Fixes the missile. Then enters* MATALI *leaving free the* VIDUSHAKA ; *enters also the* VIDUSHAKA.)

MATALI : The demons are made the marks of your arrows, (therefore) draw this bow against them. Kind and soft glances should fall on friendly persons and not their cruel shafts. [**29**]

KING : (*Hastily with-drawing the arrow*) Oh ! It is Matali! Welcome to you, O Mahendra's charioteer !

VIDUSHAKA : The fellow by whom I was killed like a sacrificial animal, is being welcomed by this man (King) !

MATALI: (*With a smile*) Long-lived sir, please listen why I have been sent to you, by Indra.

KING: I am all attention.

MATALI: You know, there is the tribe of demons called 96
Durjaya, the progeny of Kalanemi.

KING: Yes. I have heard of it before, from Narada.

MATALI: You know, that troop is such as cannot be conquered by your friend Indra; so you are thought of as its destroyer, (when) at the head of battle. (For,) that darkness of the night, which the Sun is incapable of removing, the Moon dispells. [**30**]

(Therefore) armed as you are, please set out for victory, mounting Indra's Chariot.

KING: I am obliged for this honour of Indra. But, why did you behave so towards Madhavya?

MATALI: I will say that too. You were found to be uneasy from mental agitation due to something. Therefore to provoke you, I did so. For,

Fire blazes when the fuel is stirred (and) the serpent shows out its hood when offended; thus, generally, every being displays its power through provocation. [**31**]

KING: (*Aside*) Friend, the order of the Lord of Heaven is not to be transgressed. So, explaining this thing, say in my name, to the minister Pishuna;

For a time, your wisdom shall be alone (superme) to protect the people; (for,) this bow, which has been strung, is engaged in another task. [**32**]

VIDUSHAKA: As your Majesty commands. (*Exit*)

MATALI: This way, long-lived sir.

(*The King mounts the chariot*)

(*Exeunt omnes*)

End of the Sixth Act.

97

ACT VII

(Then enters by the areal path the King mounted in a chariot, and Matali)

KING: Matali, although I have carried out the commission of Indra, I think myself unworthy of the special honour Indra has done me.

MATALI: (*With a smile.*) Long-lived sir, both of you are not satisfied. For,

You consider that the obligation done by you earlier is slight, in view of the honour done by Indra. He too, astonished at your heroism, does not consider the special treatment (as sufficient). [**1**]

KING: No, do not say so. That honour at the time of parting, was far beyond the scope of even imagination. For, before the Gods, seating me on his own throne beside him, and

Smiling, on looking at Jayanta who was standing by and who was longing inwardly for (a similar honour), Indra fastened about my neck the MANDARA garland marked by the sandal paste of his breast, which it had rubbed off. [**2**]

MATALI: What indeed is there that your honour does not deserve to have from the King of Gods?

Peace-loving Indra's heaven was freed of the thorn of demons, by the two weapons, namely the claws of the Man-lion, formerly, and your arrows with planed off joints, to-day. [**3**]

KING: In this too, Indra's greatness alone is to be praised.

If servants succeed in great enterprises, know that it is all the effect of the regard of the masters. Could Aruna be the dispeller of darkness if the thousand-rayed Sun had not placed him on the yoke? [**4**]

MATALI: It is quite worthy of you. (*Passing a little distance*) Behold here, long-lived sir, the glory of your fame established in the regions of heaven.

With the colours left over after the decorations of the heavenly nymphs, Gods here write your deeds, on the canvas yielded by the Kalpa-tree, having thought out a composition full of sense and suited to singing. [5] 98

KING: Matali, while mounting the sky yesterday, I did not observe the heavenly path in my eagerness to fight with the demons. (Tell me) In which path of the winds are we?

MATALI: This is the path of the wind Pravaha, which is free from the dust of passion, which bears the three-streamed river, the glory of heaven, which distributing the rays, sets the stars (into motion), and which is sanctified by the second stride of Hari. [6]

KING: Matali, that is why my inner soul is refreshed with its inner and outer senses. (*Looking at the wheel*) I think, we have descended into the regions of the clouds.

MATALI: How is it perceived?

KING: By the chatakas flitting through the interstices of the spokes of the wheels and by the horses laved with the flash of lightning, your chariot with the rims of its wheels moistened with rain drops indicates the path over clouds pregnant with water. [7]

MATALI: In a moment you will be in the land you govern.

KING: (*Looking down*) Matali, on account of our rapid descent, the world of men present a wonderful sight. For,

The earth looks as though it were descending from the peaks of the upraising mountains; the trees leave off the state of being concealed by the leaves, as their trunks are visible; the rivers, whose water was invisible because of their faint appearance, now become manifest with their smaller streams; and behold! the world looks as though it is being brought near me by some one throwing it upwards. [8]

99 MATALI: Well observed! (*Looking down with awe*) How great the loveliness of the earth!

KING: Matali, what mountain is this, appearing at sunset like a bulwark of clouds dripping liquid gold, and its flanks sinking into the eastern and western oceans?

MATALI: Long-lived sir, this is called HEMAKUTA, a mountain belonging to the Kimpurusha region, and the famous land for the acquisition of success in the case of those who practise austerities. See,

That Creator, who is the father of gods and demons, and who is the son of Marichi, the offspring of the Self-born, practises here, austerities with his wife. [**9**]

KING: Such happy chances should not be neglected. I wish to proceed further, only after humbly walking about the holy sage.

MATALI: Excellent thought! (*Showing the descent*) Here, we have alighted.

KING: (*With astonishment*)

The rims of the wheels produce no sound, nor does dust appear to rise; and though brought down, your chariot does not seem to be so, as it does not jolt, not coming in contact with the surface of the earth. [**10**]

MATALI: This is all the difference between yourself (of long life) and Indra!

KING: Matali, in what part is the hermitage of Maricha?

MATALI: (*Pointing*) See!

Where the hermit, immovable like the trunk of a tree, stands facing the Sun's orb, with his body half burried in an ant-hill and with his chest covered by serpents' sloughs adhering to it; in the throat, he is pressed hard by a coil of the tendrills of whithering creepers and is bearing a circular mat of hair, thickly filled with birds' nests and spreading over his shoulders. [**11**]

KING: A bow to him of severe austerities!

MATALI: (*Drawing in the reins of the chariot*) Here, we 100
have entered the Creator's hermitage with Mandara trees reared by Aditi.

KING: This place gives deeper contentment than heaven. I feel plunged in a pool of nectar.

MATALI: (*Stopping the chariot*) Please alight, long-lived sir.

KING: (*Alighting*) But, how about (you), now?

MATALI: I have commanded the chariot. I too will get down. (*Doing so*) This way, this way your honour. (*Walking about*) You can behold the penance grounds of the holy sages.

KING: Indeed with amazement I am beholding them.

Maintenance of life on mere air in a grove abounding in desire-yielding trees, performance of religious ablutions in a water tawny with the pollen of gold lotuses, meditation on the surface of precious stones, restraint even in the presence of celestial damsels;—in the midst of these, which other sages long to attain by penance, these sages practise austerities. [**12**]

MATALI: High-soaring, indeed, is the aspiration of the great! (*Walks about and* (*speaks*) *into the air*) O Aged Sakalya, how is the venerable Maricha occupied?—What, do you say that being questioned by Dakshayani, he is explaining the duties of a devoted wife, to her who is in the company of the wives of great sages?

KING: O! The subject is such that I should wait (till it is concluded).

MATALI: (*Looking at the King*) Your honour will please remain for a while, here, at the foot of this Asoka tree, while I shall wait for an opportunity to announce you to Indra's father.

KING: As you consider fit.

MATALI: Long-lived sir, I take leave. (*Exit*)

KING : (*Indicating an omen*) I hope not (to attain) for what I long ; but O Arm, why do you throb in vain ? For, a blessing once repudiated changes into pain (or, hardly returns). [**13**]

101 (*Behind the curtain*) Don't, don't commit that foolish thing. How, he has already assumed his nature !

KING : (*Listening*) This is not the place for rudeness. Who, indeed, is being rebuked, thus ? (*Looking in the direction of the voice ; in surprise*) Oh ! who is the child, but not a child in strength, being closely followed by the two hermit ladies ?

For the purpose of playing, he is forcibly dragging away from its mother, a lion cub which has half sucked the dug and has its mane dishevelled on account of rough handling. [**14**]

(*Then enters with two hermit women, a boy occupied as stated.*)

BOY : Yawn, O lion, I shall count your teeth.

FIRST WOMAN : You impudent fellow, why do you disturb our animals which are as dear to us as our own offspring ? My goodness ! your rudeness is increasing. Deservedly indeed, are you named SARVADAMANA (All-controller), by the hermits,

KING : Why is it that my mind conceives an affection for this boy, as if he were my own son ? Certainly my childlessness moves me with affection.

SECOND WOMAN : This lioness will surely spring at you as you do not let go her whelp.

BOY : (*With a smile*) Ho ! I am much frightened ! (*Extends his lower lip.*)

KING : This boy appears to me to be the seed of some great power (lustre), being like fire in the state of a spark waiting for fuel (to blaze up). [**15**]

FIRST WOMAN : My boy, let go this little lion. I will give you some other play-thing.

BOY : Where is it ? Give me that. (*Stretches out his hand*) 102

KING : How is it, he bears imperial marks ! For, his hand stretched out through love for the object attracting him, with its fingers connected as in a web, appears like a solitary lotus blooming at early dawn which is of glowing redness, and having the intervals between the petals imperceptible. [**16**]

SECOND WOMAN : Suvrata, it is not possible to stop him by mere words. Go ; there is in my cottage a clay-peacock painted with colours, belonging to Markandeya, the hermit boy. Get it for him.

FIRST WOMAN : Yes (*Exit*)

BOY : In the mean-while I shall play with this (lion).

KING : I really like this naughty boy. (*Sighing*)

Blessed are they who are soiled by the dust on the limbs of their sons, bearing them seeking to sit on their lap, with their (sons') bud-like teeth slightly visible in causeless smiles, and with the endeavours to speak, charming because of the indistinct utterance of syllables. [**17**]

HERMIT WOMAN : Well. He does not care for me. (*Looking to her side*) Which of the hermit boys is here? (*Seeing the King*) Good sir, please come here. Free this young lion which is being teased by this boy in his childish play, with a grasp of his hand difficult to loosen.

KING : (*Approaching ; With a smile*) O, Son of the great sage !

With a behaviour contrary to the hermitage from the very birth, why do you pollute discipline just as a black snake pollutes the sandal tree, even when it is agreeable by its being a shelter to animals ? 103 [**18**]

HERMIT WOMAN : Good sir, he is not the son of a sage.

KING : The very behaviour of his, corresponding to the form declares that. I had to think so because of the place (viz. hermitage). (*Doing as required and feeling the touch of the boy, to himself*)

Such is the joy at the touching of my limbs by this scion of the family of a stranger ! Then, what measureless happiness would he give to the mind of that fortunate person on whose lap he has grown ? [**19**]

HERMIT WOMAN : (*Observing both of them*) Wonderful ! Wonderful !

KING : Noble lady, what is that ?

HERMIT WOMAN : I was surprised (*to observe*) that even your form corresponded with that of this boy ; and that he has become tame before you, though a stranger.

KING : (*Caressing the boy*) If he is not the son of a sage, what then is his family name ?

HERMIT WOMAN : The Puru family.

KING : (*To himself*) How, he is then of the same family as mine. That is indeed why this lady thinks that he resembles me. This is the last family-vow of the descendants of Puru.

To them who first choose to reside in palaces, rich in pleasure, in order to protect the earth, the grounds at the foot of the trees, where the sole vow of asceticism is practised, will afterwards be their homes. [**20**]

(*Aloud*) But this is not a land which human beings can attain merely by their own (motion) course.

HERMIT WOMAN : Just as your honour says. By reason 104 of her connexion with a nymph, this boy's mother was delivered of a child here, in the hermitage of the father of the Gods.

KING : (*To himself*) Ah ! Here is another ground to hope ! (*Aloud*) And, the wife of a royal sage of what name is her ladyship ?

HERMIT WOMAN : Who will think of uttering the name of him who abandoned his lawful wife ?

KING : (*To himself*) Really, this story points to myself. Suppose I ask the name of this boy's mother ?—Nay, any talk about the wife of another is not right.

(*Entering with the clay-peacock in hand*)

FIRST HERMIT WOMAN : Sarvadamana, look at the beauty of this bird. (*Sakuntala-vanyam.*)

BOY : (*Casting a look*) Where is my mother ?

BOTH : Fond of his mother, he is deceived by the similarity of the names.

SECOND WOMAN : My boy, you were asked to see the beauty of this clay-peacock.

KING : (*To himself*) Is it that his mother's name is Sakuntala ? But again, resemblances in names do exist. So, will the mention of the mere name be only for my disappointment, like a mirage ?

BOY : Mother, I like this good peacock. (*Takes the toy.*)

FIRST WOMAN : (*Looking, in confusion*) The amulet is not to be seen on his wrist !

KING : Do not be uneasy. Here, it has fallen down because 105
of his struggle with the lion's whelp. (*Desires to take it up*)

BOTH : Don't take it up—How ? He has taken it up !

(*In astonishment placing their hands on their breasts, they both look at each other*)

KING : Why was I prevented ?

FIRST WOMAN : May your Majesty hear. This herb named Aparajita was given (him) by the revered Maricha at the time of his Jatakarma (the rite soon after the birth). None but his parents and his own self will (be able to) take it up, when it falls on the ground.

KING : If one (stranger) were to take ?

FIRST WOMAN : Then it (the amulet) will become a serpent and bite him.

KING : At any time, was such a change witnessed by you lady-ships ?

BOTH : Many a time.

KING : (*With joy ; to himself*) How then, shall I not rejoice even when my desire is fulfilled ? (*Embraces the boy*

SECOND WOMAN : Suvrata, come on. Let us report the matter to Sakuntala absorbed in the observance of her vow

(*Exeunt ambo*

BOY : Leave me that I may go to (my) mother.

KING : Dear son, you will felicitate your mother along with me.

106 BOY : My father is indeed Dushyanta, not you.

KING : (*With a smile*) This controversy alone convinces.

(*Then enters* SAKUNTALA *with a single braid of hair*)

SAKUNTALA : On hearing that Sarvadamana's herb was retaining its own nature, even at a time when it had a change (into a serpent), I did not trust my good fortune. Or rather, what Sanumati said might be quite likely.

KING : (*Seeing Sakuntala*) Oh ! This is her ladyship Sakuntala, who

Clad in a pair of dusky garments, with a face worn on account of vows, and with a single braid of hair observe being of a pure conduct, a long vow of separation fro me, a very ruthless man. [21

SAKUNTALA : (*Seeing the king pale with remorse*) He do not really look like my husband. Then, who is this m now polluting my child protected by the auspicious amu with the contact of his body ?

BOY : (*Approaching his mother*) Mother, this some embraces me, calling me his son.

KING : My dear, even cruelty shown to you by me, has come to a favourable end, as I now find myself recognized by you.

SAKUNTALA : (*To Herself*) O my heart ! Take comfort, ke comfort ! I am treated with compassion by fate which s now set aside spite. This is indeed my husband !

KING : My beloved !

Fortunately you stand before me whose darkness of forgetfulness has been dispelled by recollection ; O lovely faced lady ! at the end of the eclipse, Rohini has come to be united with Moon. [**22**]

SAKUNTALA : Victory, Victory to my - - - ! 107

(*Stops in the middle, tears choking her voice.*)

KING : Lovely one,

Even though (your utterance of) the word 'Victory' has been impeded by tears, I have gained victory, in as much as I have seen your face with the lips pale-red, they being destitute of decoration (i.e. the use of lac-dye) [**23**]

BOY : Mother, who is this person ?

SAKUNTALA : Ask your fortune, my child !

KING : (*Falling at Sakuntala's feet*)

Fair lady, let the unpleasant recollection of my repudiation pass away from your heart ; for some unknown cause, the delusion of my mind was then mighty ; the attitudes towards auspicious things of those in whom the darkness of delusion is powerful, are mostly of this kind ; the blind man spurns even a garland of flowers thrown on his head, fearing it to be a snake ! [**24**]

KUNTALA : Rise, mylord ! Indeed, in those days, my past (during a former life) obstructing my happiness was fruit, because of which, my lord, though compassionate ure), behaved so towards me. (*The* KING *rises.*) And, my lord come to remember this wretched person ?

: I Shall tell you, having first pulled out the dart of om me).

Fair one ! let me be free of remorse today, having fi
wiped off that tear-drop, clinging to the slightly cur
eyelashes, thus oppressing your lower lip and which
disregarded by me before, through infatuation. [2

(*Does as stated*)

108 SAKUNTALA : (*Seeing the signet-ring*) My lord, this
that ring !

KING : Yes. In fact, it was on regaining this ring t
I had the recollection.

SAKUNTALA : It did much harm, in that it was not to
found at the time of convincing my lord.

KING : So, let the creeper bear the flower, as a mark
(its) union with the (Spring) season.

SAKUNTALA : I do not trust it. Let my lord wear it him

(*Entering*) MATALI : I congratulate the long-lived
upon his union with his lawful wife and upon his seeing
(sweet) face of his son !

KING : My desire has had a sweet fruit. Matali,
this matter unknown to Indra ?

MATALI : (*With a smile*) What thing is not within
perception of the Gods ? Come along, longlived sir.
divine Maricha grants you an interview.

KING : Sakuntala, take up the son. With you before
I wish to see his reverence.

SAKUNTALA : I feel shy to go near the elders, with my

KING : But this has to be observed on auspi
occasions. Come, come along. (*All walk abo*

(*Then enters* MARICHA *sitting on a seat with* ADITI)

MARICHA : (*Looking at the King*) Dakshayani,

This is that supporter of the world, called Dushyanta
goes foremost in your son's battles and whose
having performed its office, makes Indra's sharp-ed
thunderbolt a mere ornament to him.

ADITI: His appearance is such that his valour can be 109
rred from it.

MATALI: Long-lived one, here the parents of the gods are king upon you, with a glance betraying parental love. proach them.

KING: Matali,

This is that pair, born of Daksha and Marichi, removed by a single progenitor from the Creator, which (pair) the sages declare to be the cause of that power which subsits in twelve forms, which gave birth to the lord of the three worlds, the chief partaker of the sacrificial offering, and which even the self-born supreme being (chose) made the place of his birth. [27]

MATALI: Indeed.

KING: (*Going near*) Dushyanta, the servant of Indra, ites you both.

MARICHA: My son, protect the earth long!

ADITI: Be an invincible hero, my son!

(*Sakuntala and her son fall at their feet*)

MARICHA: My daughter.

Your husband equals Indra and your son is like Jayanta; no other blessing is fit for you; (hence,) may you be like Paulomi (Indra's wife)! [28]

ADITI: Child, be highly esteemed to your husband. And may this dear boy of long life be the giver of joy to the families of both parents. Be seated.

(*All sit near the Prajapati.*)

MARICHA: (*Pointing to each.*) Fortunately, virtuous Sakuntala, this noble boy and yourself,—a trinity of Faith, Fortune and Dictum, has come together. [29]

KING: Divine one, your favour is indeed unprecedented; 110
because, first was the fulfilment of desires and only afterds, your sight. For, (generally)

The flower comes first and then the fruit ; the appearance of the clouds is earlier and after that is the rain. This is the order of cause and effect. But prosperity has come to me even before your favour. [**30**]

MATALI : That is how Creators confer their favours !

KING : Holy one, having married this lady, who is like a servant to you, by the Gandharva form of marriage, but rejecting her, when after some time she was brought to me by her relatives, as my memory had failed, I have offended the revered Kanva, your kinsman. Afterwards when I saw the ring, I perceived that his daughter had been married by me, before. This looks very strange to me.

Just as there be a doubt that 'it is not an elephant' when its form is visible while it passes by, and after-wards, on seeing its footprints, come the belief (that it is really an elephant) ;—such was the delusion of my mind ! [**31**]

MARICHA : My son, don't have any thought of your guilt. Even that loss of remembrance was not due to you. Listen.

KING : I am all attention.

MARICHA : At the very time Menaka descending to the Apsarastirtha received Sakuntala afflicted at her repudiation, and came to Dakshayani, I knew by my divine insight that it was through Durvasas' curse and notning else that this poor girl, your companion in religious duties, was rejected by you. And thus has been its end at the sight of the ring.

KING : (*With a sigh*) Now, I am free from blame !

SAKUNTALA : (*To herself*) I am glad-that my husband did not repudiate me without cause. But I do not remember to have been cursed. Or rather, the curse incurred by me was
111 not heard by me probably in my absent-mindedness, due to separation. Hence, really, was I anxiously instructed by my two friends to show the ring to my husband !

MARICHA : My daughter, you have known the facts. You should have no resentment against your husband. See.

You were rejected on account of the curse ; you alone have supreme control over your husband, who was cruel then as his remembrance was screened, but whose darkness is now gone ; a reflection does not appear on the surface of the mirror, the brightness of which is obscured by dust, but when the surface of the mirror is clean, it (reflection) finds easy scope. [32]

KING : Just as the divine one says.

MARICHA : My son, I hope you greeted this son whom Sakuntala has borne (you) and whose birth-rite has been performed by me duly.

KING : Divine one, in him, indeed, the permanence of my family lies.

MARICHA : So, you may know him to be the future emperor. See,

Having crossed the ocean in a chariot of steady course without joltings, he, having no rivals will conquer the seven islands of the earth ; here he is called Sarvadamamana as he tames all beasts ; (but hereafter,) he will attain the name Bharatha (supporter) as he will support the whole world. [33]

KING : I anticipate everything in him whose (birth) rites have been performed by your holiness.

ADITI : Your holiness, let Kanva too be informed of this fulfilment of the desires of his daughter. Menaka, fond of her daughter, is going to stay here, attending on me.

SAKUNTALA : (*To herself*) The holy lady has in fact expressed my wish !

MARICHA : By his divine insight, every thing is known to the revered Kanva.

KING : That is why, indeed, the sage is not very angry on me ! 112

MARICHA : Yet, he should hear from us the pleasant tidings. Who is (waiting) there ?

1920 May the true God

(*Entering*) PUPIL : Here I am, divine one !

MARICHA : Galava, go immediately by the sky and inform his reverence Kanva in my words the pleasant tidings that the curse having come to an end, Sakuntala together with her child has been accepted by Dushyanta recovering his memory about her.

PUPIL : As your Holiness commands. [*Exit*

MARICHA : My son, you too, with your child and wif mount upon the chariot of Indra, your friend, and set o for your capital.

KING : As your Holiness commands.

MARICHA : Moreover,

May Indra send abundant rain to your subjects; you please the denizens of heaven, performing sacrif Thus by mutual aid, praiseworthy on account of favours bestowed on both the worlds, may both of pass (live to rule through) the revolutions of hundred of Ages ! [3

KING : Holy one, I shall try my best for good.

MARICHA : My son, what further favour shall I best on you ?

KING : Is there any thing that can be desired beyo this ? Yet, if your Holiness desires to do a favour, may th (prayer) be fulfilled.

BHARATA VAKYA (VALEDICTORY SPEECH)

May the king strive for the welfare of his subjects ! m the speech of those eniment for their lore, be honoure and may the self-born Siva, with his powers diffus around him, put an end to my rebirth ! [3

Exeunt Omnes

End of the Seventh Act.

The Radha Power Press, Bangalore City.

ಪುಸ್ತಕ ಸಂಖ್ಯೆ O ೨೨೧೮೮